









## THE TIMES CIRCULATION.

INCREASED FROM 50 PER CENT IN TWO YEARS.

334,425 COPIES IN JULY.

Sworn Circulation of The Times at Various Periods Since August, 1890.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.

Personally appeared before me, H. G. O'NEILL, Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, California, the undersigned, who being duly sworn, depose and say that the above show the true and correct average daily circulation of THE TIMES for the month of July, 1892, as follows:

For August, 1890, 7,113 copies.

For January, 1891, 7,380 "

For February, 1891, 7,487 "

For March, 1891, 7,594 "

For April, 1891, 7,701 "

For May, 1891, 7,808 "

For June, 1891, 7,915 "

For July, 1891, 8,022 "

For August, 1891, 8,129 "

For September, 1891, 8,236 "

For October, 1891, 8,343 "

For November, 1891, 8,450 "

For December, 1891, 8,557 "

For January, 1892, 8,664 "

For February, 1892, 8,771 "

For March, 1892, 8,878 "

For April, 1892, 8,985 "

For May, 1892, 9,092 "

For June, 1892, 9,199 "

For July, 1892, 9,306 "

For August, 1892, 9,413 "

Total, 334,425 copies.

Average per day for the 31 days, 10,788.

Which is a guaranteed circulation in excess of the combined circulation of all other newspapers published in Los Angeles daily.

ADVERTISERS select their own medium.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

GEO. H. PERCY, Candidate for Superior Court of Supervisors.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

H. C. CLEMENT, Candidate for Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

GEO. P. MCLEAN, Candidate for Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

THOMAS B. WARD, Candidate for County Clerk.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

A. B. CONRAD, Candidate for Auditor of Los Angeles County.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

F. E. LOPEZ, Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

ARTHUR BRAY, Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

J. A. KELLY (INCUMBENT), Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

H. J. SHOULTERS, Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

GEO. H. KIMBALL, Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

CHAS. G. KELLOGG, Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

W. A. WILSON, M.D., Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

DR. P. C. CARPER, Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

A. W. FRANCISCO, Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

R. E. WINSCHING, Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

C. E. CROWLEY, Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

DR. F. K. KIEHL, Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

J. A. PIERCE, Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

WILLIAM YOUNG, Candidate for County Auditor.

Subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH (EPISCOPAL), Rev. J. H. Phillips, pastor. Services in English at 11 o'clock and 7:30 p.m. Sunday morning at 10:30 at corner of Broadway and Figueroa st.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERMON, Sunday morning at 10:30 at corner of Broadway and Figueroa st.

THE LOS ANGELES SPIRITUAL SOCIETY meets every Sunday evening in Forester's Hall, 1107 Broadway, at 8:30 p.m. Subject: "The Bible." Admission free.

CHRIST CHURCH, COR. PICO AND BROADWAY, Rev. J. H. Phillips, pastor. Services in English at 11 o'clock and 7:30 p.m. Sunday morning at 10:30 at corner of Broadway and Figueroa st.

THE THEOPHILIC SOCIETY meets every Sunday at 7:45 p.m. at St. Vincent's Hall, 1107 Broadway, at 8:30 p.m. Subject: "The Bible." Admission free.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS League meets at Judge Sinton's office every second and fourth Monday of each month at 8 o'clock. Republican old soldiers and sailors cordially invited.

LINES OF CITY BUSINESS.

DUMBER, BROS. &amp; CO., MILL and LUMBER CO., wholesale and retail lumber dealers. Office, cor. Alameda and Macy st.

ANDERSON'S GENERAL STORAGE WAREHOUSE, No. 151 San Pedro st.

BONWOM'S BAKERY, 1000 WORKS, 454-464 Duane st.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

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## WANTED.

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## THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

Los Angeles Daily Times, the Sunday Times, and the Saturday Times and Weekly Mirror.  
 H. G. OTIS, President and General Manager.  
 W. M. SPALDING, Vice-President.  
 ALBERT McFARLAND, Treasurer.  
 Office: Times Building.  
 N. E. corner of First and Broadway. Telephone numbers: Editorial, 674; Business office, 28.

## The Los Angeles Times

VOLUME XXI. ELEVENTH YEAR. NUMBER 256.  
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Guaranteed Average Daily Circulation, July, 10,788 Copies.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission as second-class matter.

Liberty and Love!  
 Security to American homes!  
 Protection to American industries!  
 Encouragement to American capital!  
 American commerce and honest money!  
 A free ballot and a fair count!  
 Reciprocity and the Old Flag!

## NATIONAL REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

For President.....BENJ. HARRISON.  
 For Vice-President.....WHELAN REID

The Times is for sale at the Occidental Hotel  
 stand, San Francisco, price 5 cents per copy.

Persons leaving the city for the summer can  
 have THE TIMES forwarded by express mail  
 or carrier to any address at the rate of 85 cents  
 per month, Sunday edition included. The car-  
 rier may be changed at a fair count. If care be taken  
 in all cases to mention both old and new address.

Does Mrs. Lease carry a gun in her  
 pistol pocket?

Governor probably calls him David  
 Bedevillish Hill.

"Pop" Dana's crow like it just  
 gaged the very life out of him.

Is the Angel Gabriel wanted to blow  
 his horn in Holman's vicinity, the man  
 from Indiana would object.

To be in the fashion "Calamity Jim"  
 ought to hunt up some resort called  
 Goose Lake—and stay there.

Is the Rev. Jasper says Mars hasn't  
 any folks aboard of her that settles it.  
 We go our pile on Brer Jasper.

While Mrs. Lease is skilfully hoodwinking  
 the country with "Calamity  
 Jim," what does Mr. Lease do for pie?

HENRY WATSON must find it embar-  
 assing to fill up that star-eyed Goddess  
 of Reform with fowl from Buzzard's  
 Bay.

The opera of "I Am a Little Man,"  
 Adial ought to learn that; it would fit  
 him so quick.

The Des Moines Register brutally in-  
 quires: "Where was the No Nothing  
 but Get Drunk Congress 'at' when his  
 light went out?"

The really successful politician is the  
 man who is honest. No other man in  
 the world is a success, be he politician  
 or anything else.

DISBURTLED Republicans should not  
 lose sight of the fact that a vote for  
 "Calamity Jim" Weaver is a vote for  
 Grover Cleveland.

That fellow Ottinger, who knew all  
 about Bruner, has gone off and left the  
 justice sharps in the lurch that a-way.  
 Wonder what it cost Elwood!

The Queen of England's recent speech  
 from the throne was quite equal to one  
 of Grover's letters. A tremendous mass  
 of words, but nothing in them.

The fashion of carrying umbrellas in  
 summer has broken out in Arizona. If  
 this thing takes hold here, the distinc-  
 tive mark of the tenderfoot will be lost  
 to us.

DAVE HILL is apparently still "sail-  
 ing, sailing over the bright blue sea,"  
 but the waters of Buzzard's Bay don't  
 ripple under his shallop to any great  
 extent.

The devotion of the Hopkins cousins  
 to the memory of the late Mrs. Searies  
 is something touching, but most any of  
 us would be willing to devote at \$25,-  
 000 a devotee.

BANDIT EVANS of Visalia evidently  
 thinks it is worse to be in debt to his  
 butcher than to rob trains. It is dollars  
 to doughnuts that the butcher  
 agrees with him.

Is half that is said about Prof. Holden  
 true, it is high time that another man  
 was put in charge of the great Lick  
 telescope. Let us have one thing in  
 California that is not manipulated by a  
 "pull."

The New York World is printing  
 columns of stuff to prove that Grover  
 Cleveland is the soldier's friend. The  
 rebel army during the war was full of  
 just such friends to the soldier as is  
 the sage of Buzzard's Bay.

The voter who does not appreciate  
 the fact that the People's party is an  
 ally of the Democracy is too innocent  
 to live. The Democrats can only hope  
 to win by the aid of a side show, and  
 this is not the first time they have come  
 this flank movement on the Republicans.

A thorough investigation of certain  
 reports touching registration and af-  
 fecting the County Clerk's office, has  
 been made by THE TIMES during the  
 past three or four days, and the result,  
 as far as reached, is disappointingly  
 stated in this morning's issue. The in-  
 vestigation will be pursued.

And now the Chicago papers are in a  
 frame of mind because the World's  
 Fair managers are going to run in a  
 Veiled Prophet and Mardi Gras show  
 on the public during the dedicatory ex-  
 ercises. Few people know what a time  
 those newspapers have keeping things  
 straight. Between the larpurings they  
 are bestowing on old man Holman and  
 the fair managers the air is full of dust  
 and fireworks, and a dark-red agony  
 pervades the universe. It is "worse as  
 a cyclone."

An important difference, indicating the  
 absence of a certainty that money will  
 be worth much more in the fall than it is  
 now. All indications point to the  
 fact that money is far more abundant  
 in the West than it was a year ago.  
 much of the cash paid out for the crops  
 of 1891 having remained in the rural  
 sections, and that this fact might be  
 accepted as an indication that money  
 will not be so stringently a consequence  
 of the pressure to move the crops dur-  
 ing the next few months. The feeling  
 in regard to rates for money, noted  
 above, justifies this view of the case.  
 Certainly the country in general will  
 experience a great benefit from a less  
 stringent condition of the money market  
 and the Pacific Coast will be sure to  
 participate in the better times.

Let Us Have a Permanent Museum.  
 The advent of Mr. Lubin, an enter-  
 prising citizen of Sacramento, who has  
 been commissioned to collect in South-  
 ern California articles of historical in-  
 terest to be exhibited at the coming  
 State fair, brings to mind several sug-  
 gestions which we would like to make.  
 The first of these is that a similar en-  
 terprise ought to be started in Los An-  
 geles. The Historical Society has al-  
 ready made quite a collection of the  
 sort from contributions which have  
 gravitated to it without special effort  
 on its part. The Science Association which  
 was started last winter hopes in time to  
 make a collection of things of scientific  
 interest, including everything available  
 which will illustrate the natural  
 history of the State. The Society for the  
 Preservation of the Missions has ac-  
 quired some photographs and other re-  
 lics. The Chamber of Commerce has  
 been a collector of minerals and nat-  
 ural products. Why should not all  
 these organizations join in the work of  
 establishing a permanent museum? It  
 may be that the Chamber of Commerce  
 can be induced to furnish the requisite  
 quarters and undertake the task of  
 classification, arrangement and super-  
 vision. Certainly the work of collect-  
 ing would be stimulated all along the  
 line if a united effort were made, and  
 the interest in each collection would  
 be enhanced by its being placed in juxta-  
 position with other collections.

Southern California is well stocked  
 with historical relics belonging to the  
 old Spanish families and old-time Amer-  
 ican settlers. The owners are gradu-  
 ally passing away, and their treasures  
 are being scattered. Many of these  
 people would be willing to contribute  
 their relics to a permanent museum to  
 be preserved for the benefit of the pres-  
 ent and succeeding generations.  
 We will direct to those who loan  
 such articles to the Sacramento repre-  
 sentative that they should make sure of  
 getting the valuable back. A permanent  
 museum, if established here, should  
 have the benefit of all these things.  
 Southern California can afford to  
 afford to give away to the upper  
 part of the State her historical, art and  
 scientific treasures. Let us follow the  
 example of the Sacramento people and  
 begin collecting at the earliest possible  
 date. Time is precious in such a move-  
 ment, for the longer the delay the less  
 available material will be found.

The San José Record prints this bit  
 of sound sense:

There are men who go through life in  
 a constant torment of fear; who dare  
 not speak their convictions for dread of  
 losing patronage; who, when compelled  
 to express their belief on any question,  
 do so in a scarcely audible whisper as if  
 confessing to a crime. It is this style  
 of men whom the politician uses for his  
 tool, because he has not sufficient cour-  
 age to say no, when the unscrupulous,  
 corrupter requests him to stand in with  
 some knavish job.

Two wily detectives that are flooding  
 Visalia with their skunk-like presence  
 are charging up innumerable crimes to  
 Bandit Evans, but the people of Califor-  
 nia care nothing for his crimes; they  
 want to see him caught just for the sake  
 of variety. The capture of a San Joa-  
 quin Valley train-robber would be as re-  
 freshing as a cool wave in Chicago.

There is a movement in San Fran-  
 cisco to reform the method in vogue by  
 the railway company for the collection  
 of State harbor tolls. It is about time  
 the matter was corrected, but as it has  
 gone on for twenty years or so, the pub-  
 lic must be well used to it by this time.

That girl out in Temescal Canon who  
 stopped a rival ditch owner from getting  
 his water supply by sitting down in the  
 zanja knew how to meet an emergency  
 —damned if she didn't!

Tariff Pictures.  
 (New York Press.)

The British plumber under free trade  
 gets \$1.70

The American plumber under protec-  
 tion gets a little more than twice as  
 much, or \$3.48

a day.

## CURRENT HUMOR.

"Don't yer be tolred at that policeman  
 'at," said the upstart to the cook.  
 "Yis. But I can't have any other com-  
 pany." "Why?" "Because Michael says  
 if I do he'll arrest 'im for contempt of  
 court—'Billings got his pension yet?" "I didn't  
 know Billings was entitled to a pension."  
 "He thinks he is, anyway. He claims to  
 have contracted a chronic case of that tired  
 feeling from reading war articles in the  
 magazines."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

Gumme. It would never do to have  
 rids on the police force. Gargoyles. Why  
 wouldn't it? Gumme. You see, every  
 arrest they would make would be a mis-  
 apprehension.—[Detroit Free Press.]

A lady in a New York hotel corridor fell  
 upon the neck of an entire stranger, and  
 after imprinting a kiss upon his mouth  
 drew back suddenly and exclaimed: "Star-  
 me! I thought it was Charley!"  
 "Humph," growled the stranger, "Charley  
 is in luck today."—[Texas Sittings.]

"Pauline, Lo! Lo! Lo! what 'ye well-  
 glin' 'ye do dat away fo' 'is 'ye well-  
 Geems. 'Ias 'jes' coustn' up how much I  
 made dis week pickin' strawberries."—  
 Judge.

Penelope. Do you notice anything strik-  
 ing in this room? Stylatole. No, I did  
 not look as though I did? Penelope. I didn't  
 know what you might have noticed the  
 clock.—[New York Herald.]

A young man down East has advertised  
 for a wife "who must be pretty and en-  
 tirely ignorant of the fact." In other  
 words, he doesn't want to get married.—  
 Rochester Post Express.

Zola uses black ink ordinarily, but red  
 when his imagination begins to halt, and  
 finds that it "inspires him to paint French  
 society very black."



A Tempest in a Teacup.  
 (New York Press.)

Judge Cobb (before the investigating  
 committee yesterday.) I ordered an  
 employe of the House to bring me tea.  
 He brought whisky instead, and I used  
 it to relieve my throat.

The Democratic Maceia.  
 (New York Press.)



The happy idea of ex-Speaker  
 Thomas B. Reed.

## POLITICAL POINTS.

Honest elections in the Solid South would  
 have no reason for a Force Bill. If pun-  
 ishment be unmerited it need not be  
 dreaded.—[New York Commercial Adver-  
 tiser.]

Dispatches from Gray Gables state that  
 Mr. Cleveland is delighted with the result  
 in Alabama. He must use a mighty strain  
 magnifying glass to see anything in the  
 outcome down there to rejoice over.

A level-headed exchange says that the old  
 exploded fallacy that under a protective  
 tariff the cost of living is increased ought  
 to deceive nobody. If the American spends  
 more on his living it is because he has to  
 spend, and lives better than the European.

Candidate Stevenson hasn't written a  
 letter since his nomination that has leaked  
 into public through the newspapers. His  
 correspondents are vastly more consid-  
 erate of his letters than the friends of  
 "Clev" were in the latter's fervid and  
 solicitous communications.

The three R's in this Presidential year—  
 Rise, Rally and Rout'em. And the Repub-  
 lican party is operating on this line with  
 enthusiasm in behalf of the three R's, for  
 each of which its name is a synonym.—[Cin-  
 cinnati Times-Star.]

The free trade papers have been madly  
 vindictive toward Mr. Carnegie and the  
 Homestead mill manager, especially since  
 the Congressional Committee's investiga-  
 tion gave wide publicity to the scale of  
 "Clev" wages. Mr. Cleveland knows how to  
 make this matter as hot as Carnegie wages are  
 entirely too high.

While Mr. Cleveland has his hand in at  
 letter writing he should not forget to send  
 a sympathetic message to the Golden City  
 of London. The fellows over there will  
 doubtless do the handsome thing for the  
 free trade ticket; they are properly ar-  
 ranged. Mr. Cleveland knows how to do it.  
 —[New York Press.]

The Democratic glove-makers in Grovers-  
 ville, N. Y., will not take for free trade.  
 They want the man who has been passing  
 a resolution condemning Cleveland, "who  
 has been once rejected by the people and  
 whose nomination was secured by mis-  
 management of the party," to be elected.  
 They will follow the example of their brethren  
 in Kansas and Missouri.

The English press has pretty generally  
 obeyed free trade advice from the United  
 States, and refrains from outspoken ap-  
 plause of Cleveland and his platform. But  
 among the twelve leading English papers  
 at the good time coming to England and  
 Europe when "the ruinous tariff shall be  
 overthrown. One paper then promises  
 to send a new party of free traders to  
 visit the United States.

A fine bust of Louise M. Alcott, by Ricket-  
 son, has been presented to the old Concord  
 public library by the story writer's sister,  
 Mrs. Anna B. Pratt.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is a wonderful  
 linguist; she is versed in French, German,  
 Spanish and Italian, and is able to say  
 nothing about Latin, Greek and Hebrew.

Oliver Thorne Miller, the author, knows  
 as much about ornithology as a pro-  
 fessor. She devotes six months of every  
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The American plumber under protec-  
 tion gets a little more than twice as  
 much, or \$3.48 a day.

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

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## PERSONAL MENTION.

Pop! Rogers will make some political  
 speeches during the campaign.

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 speeches during the campaign.

Know-Nothing party, and, although a cen-  
 tral figure in the drama of his life at the  
 time of his death both himself and the  
 party that he once represented were almost  
 wholly forgotten.

John Jay says that he finds more fun in  
 watching a cowboy try to lasso a whisky  
 bottle from a bar counter than he would  
 sitting at the ticker reading Chicago dis-  
 patches.

Anstin Corbin designs to plant 20,000  
 hawthorn trees on his great game park in  
 New Hampshire. The trees have all been  
 imported from England, and 4000 have so  
 far been set out. They are to serve as a  
 hedge to retain the buffaloes and other  
 large game within the limits of the pre-  
 serve.

James H. Miller, postmaster at Ganley  
 Bridge, W. Va., was appointed by Presi-  
 dent William Henry Harrison over fifty  
 years ago, and is probably the oldest post-  
 master in the country. He has retained  
 his office through the political changes of  
 the last half century, and at the age of  
 80 years is as prompt and efficient as any  
 postmaster in the State. During the late  
 war Mr. Miller's office was several times  
 within the Confederate lines, but he was  
 never disturbed or molested in any way.

## FOREIGN NOTABLES.

Lord Salisbury dispenses most princely  
 hospitality at Hatfield House, his magnif-  
 cent seat in Hertfordshire. His entertain-  
 ment of Queen Victoria there excelled in  
 splendor, it is said, the historic reception  
 by his great ancestor to Queen Elizabeth  
 at the same place.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone hardened  
 himself for exposure bareheaded at outdoor  
 public meetings by habitually sitting at a  
 window from which a draught of wind was  
 coming. This is a heroic device for a  
 strong man, but it would be likely to play  
 havoc with weaklings.

Emperor Francis Joseph is more fortu-  
 nate than his imperial cousin, the Kaiser.  
 The latter paid an enormous sum for a pri-  
 vate railroad train, while the Austrian Em-  
 peror has been a present of one by the  
 railroad company of his empire.

Arthur Bloche, valuer of the French  
 crown diamonds and an expert on the sub-  
 ject of gems, states that a transparent  
 pair of twelve and a half carats is owned  
 by an eastern potentate and held at \$500,-  
 000.

They are poking no end of fun at the  
 Grand Duke Alexis for telegraphing to the  
 Emperor to postpone the Derby for some  
 time because he has missed his train. Of course  
 the stewards smiled, and the race was  
 run without the presence of the cheery  
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The King of Denmark sometimes goes to  
 Hamburg, Incognito, and on the occasion of  
 his last visit bought several expensive pre-  
 sents for the Queen. He discovered when he  
 came to pay for them that he did not have  
 sufficient money with him for the purpose.  
 The shopkeeper immediately suggested an  
 attempt at swindling, and a hotel official  
 did not keep the emperor's telephone before  
 things could get straight.

## MANY PERSONS INJURED.

Accident to a Train Bearing Knights  
 Templar from Denver.

CLINTON (Iowa), Aug. 13.—[By the  
 Associated Press.] As a special passen-  
 ger train of nine cars, loaded  
 with Knights Templar returning  
 from Denver, approached the city  
 on the Chicago and Northwestern this  
 afternoon, one sleeping car rolled  
 down a twenty-foot embankment and  
 struck the track. No one was  
 killed, but fourteen persons were more  
 or less seriously injured. Ruben Bres-  
 sel of Hazelton, Pa., is badly injured.  
 He is bruised seriously, has internal in-  
 juries and a bad cut on the head.

The other injured are: Mrs. Rhodes  
 of Bethlehem, Pa.; Harry Haines of  
 R. Bressel of Pennsylvania; Dr. C. K.  
 Davidson of New Jersey; J. Ellendorf  
 of New Jersey; John Purcell of New  
 Jersey; C. E. Bunman of Pennsylvania;  
 J. W. Pitt of New Jersey; Miss Wells of  
 New Jersey; Mrs. Harry Haines of  
 Pennsylvania; Miss L. C. DeHart of Penn-  
 sylvania; Miss L. C. DeHart of Penn-  
 sylvania; S. S. Cook and wife of New Jersey.  
 The cause of the accident is unknown.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—Advices received  
 at the general offices of the Chicago  
 and Northwestern Railroad in this  
 city in regard to the accident to  
 the Knights Templar train from Den-  
 ver, near Clinton, are as follows: The  
 train consisted of an engine, baggage  
 car and seven sleepers, carrying  
 Knights Templar from along the line of  
 the Lehigh Valley railway to Penn-  
 sylvania and New Jersey, with Grand Com-  
 mander Coddling of Pennsylvania in  
 charge. Through an accident of some  
 sort to the fifth sleeper it jumped the  
 track and derailed the other two fol-  
 lowing it. The engine and baggage car  
 landed in a ditch beside the road. A  
 number of persons were injured, but  
 aside from Mrs. Charles Rhodes of  
 South Bethlehem, Pa., and Ruben  
 Bressel of Hazelton, Pa., all were able  
 to proceed on their journey to Chicago.

## A Big Gun Made of Wire.

READING (Pa.), Aug. 13.—The wind-  
 ing of the great Brown wire-segment  
 gun, which has been in progress at  
 Birdsboro for some time, was concluded  
 at 8 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Thirty-seven miles of wire, one-fourth  
 of an inch thick was used. The elastic  
 limit 105,000 pounds to the square  
 inch, and the wire had a breaking  
 strength of 166,000 pounds. The bore is  
 16 cent. The bore is 5 inches and the  
 gun is intended to eclipse all its  
 kind of previous production. The com-  
 pleting of winding was attended with  
 appropriate ceremonies.

## Ocean Steamer Arrivals.

HAMBURG, Aug. 13.—Arrived: Aug-  
 usta Victoria from New York.

ANTWERP, Aug. 13.—Arrived: Fries-  
 land from New York.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 13.—Arrived: Ro-  
 man from Boston.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—Arrived: Cham-  
 pagne from Havre.

## Queen Victoria Must Give Bonds.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—Judge Lawrence  
 in the Supreme Court today decided  
 that Queen Victoria would have to file  
 sureties to the amount of \$250 for  
 court costs if she wants to bring suit  
 against the Standard Asphalt Company  
 to recover \$9000 for a quantity of as-  
 phalt alleged to have been stolen from  
 Trinidad.

## Perils of Hiding a Handcar.

SCHRIEBER (Ont.), Aug. 13.—Seven  
 Swedes left here on a handcar. As they  
 were going at a lively speed through a  
 deep cut an engine coming from the op-  
 posite direction crashed into them.  
 The Swedes were instantly killed and the  
 other four were thrown against the  
 face of the cut and dangerously  
 wounded. Two are not likely to re-  
 cover.

## Death of a Dynamiter.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 13.—Michael  
 Harkins, the dynamiter, who was ar-  
 rested and imprisoned for trying to kill  
 Queen Victoria on the jubilee day in  
 1887, died yesterday. Dr. Gallagher,  
 who was with him at the time, is still  
 in prison.

## Bag Importations Prohibited.

OTTAWA (Ont.), Aug. 13.—The gov-  
 ernment has prohibited the importa-  
 tion of bags from France on account of  
 cholera.

## SARATOGA A PROBLEM.

Gertrude Atherton Finds it a  
 Hard One to Solve.

Mineral Water and Potatoes, Dia-  
 monds and Vulgarity.

A Lot of Tough Pills in Odd-looking  
 Bags.

Violent Disposition in Musty Mineral  
 Water Saloons—Relics of Days Gone  
 By—Where Do They All  
 Come from?

SARATOGA, Aug. 6.—[Special Corre-  
 spondence of THE TIMES.] If Saratoga  
 is uncompromisingly, aggressively vul-  
 gar by day, it cannot be denied that it  
 is picturesquely so by night. The old-  
 fashioned, rambling streets, whose an-  
 cient, thickly-planted trees hide the  
 ugly, modern houses and throw long  
 shadows between the electric lights,  
 are just after the late dinner with  
 women in evening gowns wandering  
 idly from the United States to the  
 Grand Union and back again, to listen  
 to the concert in the courtyard of the  
 one or the other. Sometimes they  
 wear a light cloud about the shoulders,  
 sometimes the neck and arms are as un-  
 concernedly bare as if the warm air  
 were that of a ballroom.

The girls for the most part wear their  
 hair drawn securely back, as if they  
 had so much money they could afford to  
 be as demurely as the old-fashioned  
 matrons are arrayed like female Solomons,  
 and gowns are very low in the back.  
 Put a mask on one of these enfeebled  
 dames, cover up her toes, and the de-  
 cursive drape of a half-carat is owned  
 by an eastern potentate and held at \$500,-  
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## A NICE MESS.

## Queer Performance in the Matter of a Naturalization.

## Records Changed Back and Forth With Little Trouble.

## How a Young Irishman Got His Second Papers.

## John A. Pirtle Explains His Connection With a Very Peculiar Transaction—At His Request the Certificate Will Be Cancelled.

As a result of several days' investigation, a transaction in the County Clerk's office has been unearthed by THE TIMES which discloses a state of affairs in connection with the naturalization of aliens that is, to say the least, remarkable, and indicative of gross carelessness. The facts of the case are these:

Robert A. Taylor is an Irish lad, about 21 years of age, who came to this country between four and five years ago. He has not been gifted by Providence with a great amount of sense. In fact, those who are best acquainted with him consider him half-witted and scarcely responsible for his actions. Early this year Taylor obtained employment from the law firm of Reymert & Orfila, of No. 115 West First street, as a typewriter. This position he held until a few weeks ago, when he was discharged for indiscreet conduct. He then obtained occasional work from J. D. Reymert, Esq., an uncle of T. D. Reymert, Esq., who has an office in the same building and Taylor is at present in charge of the office. Judge Reymert being confined to his house by sickness.

A short time ago Taylor called on Reymert & Orfila, with a declaration of intention, and said he wanted to be admitted as a citizen. Taylor said he might work. After inspecting his paper, both gentlemen told him that it would be impossible for him to be naturalized, as his declaration showed that he had not been in the country the necessary five years. He said he would then try W. A. Ryan, Esq., and R. G. Adcock, Esq., attorneys who have an office on the same floor. He called on them and they told him the same thing, in regard to his papers. He then called on the Democratic Naturalization Bureau, on Spring street, where he was once more informed that his admission was an impossibility. A few days later, he again called on Messrs. Reymert & Orfila, stating that he had seen John A. Pirtle, who had told him that it was all right and that he would push him through. Mr. Pirtle is a leading real estate dealer, doing business at No. 229 West Second street, and an assistant for the office of County Supervisor.

Shortly afterward Taylor called again on Reymert & Orfila and showed them his certificate of citizenship duly made out, stating that he arrived in the United States in 1887 instead of 1888. Mr. Reymert told him the records at the County Clerk's office would show the true date of his first papers, which would not correspond with the certificate which he possessed. Taylor replied that this had all been fixed and the records changed to correspond with the declaration of intention.

Knowing that the young man was possessed of less than the average intelligence, Mr. Reymert did not believe his statement, but out of curiosity went to the County Clerk's office in company with R. J. Adcock, Esq., and a Times reporter. The record in the book of declaration of intentions was examined, also the declaration of intention which is now on file in the office. To the surprise of all it was found that Taylor had told the truth. The date in the book had been very minutely changed, the 8 of 1888 having been scratched out and a 7 substituted, the 8 still showing beneath. The same was the case with the declaration of intention.

When asked how he accomplished this daring piece of work, Taylor declared that he knew nothing about it further than that when he handed his declaration of intention to Mr. Pirtle it bore the date 1888, which was the year in which he arrived in the United States, and that when he next saw it the date had been changed to 1887. By whom this had been done he pretended not to know. The lad appeared to regard the whole transaction as a good joke, and spoke freely about it to any one who questioned him.

Messrs. Ryan and Adcock were subsequently seen and confirmed the above, as far as Taylor's calling upon them is concerned. Taylor, however, is in Ventura county and could not be seen. Considerable difficulty was experienced in obtaining a full statement of the facts of the case, Mr. Reymert, who is a Republican, desiring, as far as he justly could, to shield Taylor, whom he regards as a half-witted boy, and Mr. Adcock, who is a Democrat, desiring to suppress the publication of the facts until the Republican convention. Both these gentlemen, however, finally concluded that it was their duty as citizens to allow it to be made public without delay.

## MR. PIRTLE'S STATEMENT.

On Friday the reporter called upon Mr. Pirtle and obtained from him his version of the affair as follows: Taylor came to my office in July and said there had been a mistake made in his first papers—that they were dated 1888, when the date should have been 1887, which was the date when he arrived in America. He asked me if I could have the mistake corrected. I told him I knew nothing about naturalization matters, but that if he would bring me the papers I would see what could be done. Next morning he brought the certificate. It read "June 1, 1888," but it could plainly be seen that the date had been changed from 1887. The 7 had been erased, but could still be traced. I asked him which date was correct. He said it should be 1887, and that his mother would make an affidavit to that effect. I asked him how it came to be changed to 1888. He replied that he gave the papers to the officials as 1887, but was not quite sure, and told them they had better make it 1888. I then took the paper to the County Clerk's office and looked up the record. It was the same there. The 7 had been scratched out and an 8 written over it. I told Messrs. Ryan and Lowry in the County Clerk's office what Taylor had said to me. The matter was referred to Mr. Whitney, who had signed Taylor's first papers. He looked at the record and saw that it had been changed, as stated. The date of the record again to 1887. Messrs. Ryan, Lowry and Whitney being present. I don't know which of them made the change. This occurred in the last week of July.

This morning I went before Judge Smith and asked him to cancel Taylor's certificate, desiring to see the hands of the matter. Judge Smith said that he would do it on his own motion. This will be done in open court.

I have resided in Vernon over five years. Taylor lives near me, and I have known him since he first came to reside there. I was under the impression that he came to live there at about the same time that I did. I asked him how long I had known him, and he said over five years. To make sure, I also asked an old resident of Vernon, who said that it must be over five years since I had known Taylor.

It is stated that this is not, by any means, an isolated case, but that a

search of the records would disclose many similar alterations.

DIRECTLY CONTRADICTED.

The statement of Mr. Pirtle that the declaration of intention had been altered from 1887 to 1888, when first made out, is directly contradicted by the testimony of Messrs. Theodore D. Reymert, A. Orfila, W. A. Ryan and R. G. Adcock, attorneys, and of Elliot Wolf, dentist, who are prepared to swear that when Taylor showed them the declaration of intention, about three weeks ago, and asked their assistance to get him naturalized, there was absolutely no sign of there having been any erasure or change in the document. Taylor says that when he took the paper to Mr. Pirtle it read "1888," and when he got it back it read "1887."

THE TIMES was in possession of the above facts on Friday evening, but being unable to see Mr. Ward on that evening, and not desiring to publish the statement without obtaining his version of the matter, deferred publication until today.

AT THE COURT HOUSE.

A TIMES reporter started out yesterday morning to interview the officials of the County Clerk's office whose names have been connected with this affair.

Mr. Ward was not in his office, but Frank Lowry was seen. He declined to make any statement until Mr. Ward had been interviewed. He thought it best to let the matter rest. He said Mr. Ward would be back in the afternoon, and that he would make an appointment with him for the reporter.

Mr. Whitney was then seen in the Tax Collector's office. He did not care to say anything. His connection with the affair had been merely incidental, when he was a deputy in the County Clerk's office under Mr. Danneberg. The facts of the case, as stated by the reporter, were, Mr. Whitney said, substantially correct.

The reporter called at the County Clerk's office again in the afternoon, but found that Mr. Ward had gone home earlier than usual. He was found at his home in Boyle Heights. When asked to make a statement he said the matter was "all nonsense," and did not deserve a reply. He had, however, prepared an open letter, which the reporter could obtain from Deputy Marshall.

When pressed for particulars he told Mr. Whitney had come to him and told him there had been a mistake in the date. He replied that if that was the case it should be corrected.

The reporter called his attention to the fact that five reputable citizens were ready to swear that the declaration had not been changed three weeks ago.

Mr. Ward said: "In that case I have been imposed upon."

He said he had a very large number of deputies, that it was hard work to keep track of all of them, and that, in case there had been any malfeasance he would be the first to institute an investigation and to bring the guilty party to justice. Also, that he believed there were few persons in Los Angeles who would credit him with doing wrong intentionally.

The open letter, which was afterward obtained from Mr. Marshall and found to contain no reference whatever to the case.

AN AFFIDAVIT FROM TAYLOR.

Last evening Mr. Pirtle brought to THE TIMES office a typewritten affidavit which he had prepared and signed by Robert A. Taylor. In connection with this affidavit it should be noted that Taylor has already contradicted himself at least three times in this affair. As already stated, he is a half-witted lad, almost irresponsible for his actions, and his word is lightly regarded by the attorneys for whom he has recently worked.

Taylor in his affidavit says he came to the United States on June 1, 1888. That he worked for Pirtle a year or two ago at Vernon. He first says he arrived in the United States in 1888, then that he arrived in 1887, and again in 1888. He repeats that the first change from 7 to 8 was made May 16, 1890, and the last change when he gave the paper to Mr. Pirtle. He says that in speaking to his mother, several days after his naturalization, she told him the right date was 1888, whereupon he asked Mr. Pirtle to get the certificate cancelled.

WILL BE INVESTIGATED.

All the facts in the case will be carefully investigated and everything in connection with it brought out. The most serious feature of the case is the fact that the official records of the county have been tampered with and erasures and alterations made, and if this can be done in one department it might be attempted in another. There is nothing to show that there was any criminal intent on the part of the deputies of the County Clerk's office; the erasure is made without any attempt at concealment, and there was no secrecy about it, as at least three persons were present when it was made, but the changing of the official public records of the county is too serious a matter to be passed over lightly, and such steps should be taken as to render such a thing an impossibility. It is the interest of all honest men, and especially the officials of the clerk's office, to have the truth brought out.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Attractive Features Added to the Exhibit Yesterday.

Following are some of the attractions placed in the Chamber of Commerce yesterday:

A native bed from the South Sea Islands, made from the Pandanus leaf, also a native bed from Samoa made from the beaten pulp of a woody growth peculiar to the group of Marshall Islands, and a complete native costume from the Caroline group. These latter two were loaned to the exhibit by the Chamber of Commerce.

F. J. Pursdorf of this city exhibits a star fish of unusual proportions from the Santa Barbara Islands and an inch-long pup from San Clemente.

Scharf Bros. of Pasadena exhibit the scarlet eucalyptus flower, the most attractive of the gum tree flowers that there is on the Coast.

C. H. Richardson also displays a specimen of the celebrated "Flame tree."

J. R. Polkard of Azusa exhibits a specimen of a new peach called the Mountain Rose. These are an early variety taken from trees set out on the 19th of February, 1891, which were only three feet high at that date. He reports gathering 200 boxes from 550 trees. The flavor of the peach is delicious.

The California Fruit Evaporating Company display samples of dried blackberries that look as bright and fresh as if just taken from the vines.

E. R. Collingridge of Compton displays the Red Bestingheimer apple and also the Red Bell Flower. He says that oranges are good things, but apples are better. The returns from his three and a half acres of apple orchard have been \$5500 for the last three years.

A. Pirch of this city exhibits an in-

## Great Reductions in Rates.

## Hotel del Coronado

America's Peerless Seaside Resort

As a summer resort it is without a rival. Its glorious climate, superior bathing facilities, and its many other sports and amusements combined with every home comfort make this hotel in all respects the most desirable.

The New Salt Water Swimming Tanks cold salt water flowing into the tanks. These baths are very strengthening.

On a splendid, hard, sandy beach, with more regular waves, water ten degrees warmer than at Santa Cruz and no undertow.

Barbecues and Spanish-Mexican fishing begins about April 1st. It is the finest on the coast. Tourists should remember that the Hotel del Coronado is open all the year, and that after the other winter resorts close instead of going north they will find beautiful weather and every attraction at Coronado.

ROUND-TRIP TICKETS From Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, San Bernardino, Colton, Riverside, Redlands, Orange, Anaheim and Santa Ana, all \$31.00, including one week's board in \$2.00 or \$3.00 room. Privilege longer stay at \$2.00 per day.

T. D. VONMANN, Agent, Los Angeles, 124 N. Spring St., or at First-St. Depot; at all other points, Local R. R. Agents. Pacific Mail Steamers call four times monthly, and tourists can go east via San Francisco or Panama.

E. S. BABCOCK, Manager Hotel del Coronado.

## 80 Years Old, and Skin Like the Tint of The Sea Shell.

TO HAVE BEAUTIFUL skin and look like our 10-year-old daughters

and look like our 10-year-old daughters

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## Voluntary Testimonials

## DR. WOH,

The Eminent Chinese Physician.

—GIVEN TO—

my Practice.

No Opium or Potent Drugs are used in my Practice.

Endorsed and Recommended of Absolute Fidelity and Honesty on hand and for Sale.

Dr. WOH's work has been from early youth one of persistent and untiring observation, study and investigation, as fully as lay in his power to perfect himself in all branches of the art of healing human weakness and disease. He is the son of an industrial parent, of a family whose ancestors have been for generations deservingly renowned as leading physicians. Dr. WOH naturally followed in the footsteps of his fathers. In China he has practiced his profession for several years, being at one time a physician in the Imperial Hospital, and in America for a long time. His great number of patients, his wonderful and many cures, and the great list of letters from grateful and thankful patrons now prove him to be a remarkable and successful healer of sickness and all diseases.

For a long time I have been suffering with bladder and kidney troubles. No doctoring or medicines seemed to do me good. I consulted the best physicians and surgeons in Los Angeles city. They gave me morphine and drugs, but no relief could I obtain. A terrible suffering great pain and having my passage almost entirely closed, I, four months ago, began using Dr. WOH's medicine. Today I am perfectly well. I do not suffer from any of my former troubles. I am now a healthy man and I thank you for my recovery. Respectfully,

January 10, 1892. J. G. SIMPSON, 87 Gladys Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

I have been doctoring for my heart disease, but I received no benefit. Thirty days ago I was recommended to you and began your treatment before this I was twice completely prostrated in the public streets, but today I am well and I thank you for my recovery. Respectfully,

January 10, 1892. MISS GRACE M. FIELD, San Bernardino, Cal.

I have tried many doctors for heart disease, but have derived no benefit until Dr. WOH, the Chinese physician, of Los Angeles city, prescribed for me.

Two months ago I began his treatment, and can now certify that he has done me great good. I recommend Dr. WOH to my friends as all able doctors. Dr. WOH, the Chinese physician, of Los Angeles city, prescribed for me.

Dr. WOH has hundreds of similar testimonials out of space alone prevents further publication. Dr. WOH is the oldest and best-known Chinese Physician in Southern California. His many cures have been remarkable, involving Female Troubles, Tumors and every form of disease.

If communications will be regarded as strictly confidential. All consultations and all ailments are cordially invited to call on Dr. WOH at his office.

227 South Main st., between Second and Third sts. OPPOSITE CATHEDRAL, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

GO TO

For a Home by the Ocean! East San Pedro

On Terminal Island, which has recently been subdivided into lots by the

Los Angeles Terminal Land Company.

These lots face directly on the ocean. You will find fine bathing, boating and fishing. A fine bath and beach and a fine view of the city. The lots are all of the same size and are all of the same price. Prices for lots are reasonable and terms easy. For particulars call on or address

GEO. H. PECK, General Land Agent, San Pedro.

N. C. CAMPBELL, W. W. LOWE, J. S. MILLS, SCOTT & WHITEAKER, 225 S. SPRING ST., Los Angeles.

Sierra Madre, Long Beach, Pasadena, Los Angeles.

SAY!

Have you ever stopped at the

Horton House,

SAN DIEGO?

No! Well! Well! Just say any one who has, and you will go nowhere else.

Rates, \$2 and \$3.00. Dishes, both ways.

W. E. HADLEY, Prop.

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## THE PACIFIC COAST.

## Arrest of More Riotous Strikers in Idaho.

The Man Who Blew Up the 'Frisco Mill Among Those Captured.

## Portland Threatened With Another Highlander War.

Several Disastrous Fires Near Phoenix, Ariz.—Death of a Prominent San Francisco Merchant—San Diego's Centennial Palm.

By Telegram to the Times.

WARREN (Idaho), Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Co. E, Fourth Infantry, was sent to Fort Mullan last night to arrest Jack Lacy, Black and others who are wanted by the authorities. When near the town they halted for an hour and a half and made of an intended move in another direction. Suddenly they swooped down on the town and caught six men, all members of the union, among them the man who is said, said the giant powder down the mine which blew up the 'Frisco mill.

Jack Wallace has been released on bonds of \$50,000, one of his fellow-prisoners putting up the cash as security. The troops will not be permanently retained here after the disposal of the prisoners.

BOISE CITY (Idaho), Aug. 13.—Judge Beatty today passed six months' sentence upon five more Coeur d'Alene rioters, held for contempt. Among them was Thomas O'Brien, president of the Miners' Union.

## FROTHING MERCHANT GONE.

Death of Andrew Crawford of San Francisco—His Career.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Andrew Crawford, of the well-known shipping firm of A. Crawford & Co., died here this morning from heart failure. He was a native of Glenasmole, Ireland, 63 years of age. He came to the United States in 1849 and to California three years later, engaging in the ship chandlery business in this city. He was one of the first to put a vessel in the South Sea Island trade and established branch houses in the Marshall, Gilbert, Harvey and Marquesas groups. He has held a contract from the French government for carrying the mails between here and Tahiti and the Marquesas Islands since 1871. The firm owns a number of vessels actively engaged in trade. Crawford, at the time of his death, was possessed of large interests in Curry county, Or. Deceased belonged to the Masonic order and was vice-president of the Scotch-Irish Society of this city.

## SEALERS CAPTURED.

More Poachers Seized While Operating in Bering Sea.

PORT TOWNSEND (Wash.), Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Advice from Onalaska state that the United States men-of-war in Bering Sea have seized the following vessels: British schooner Mountain Chief of Victoria, seized by the Adams for killing seals and violating the modus vivendi.

Whaling bark Lydia, intercepted by the Richard Rush while taking seals aboard from the Northern Light. A prize crew was placed aboard and she was sent to Sitka.

Whaling schooner Jane Gray, seized by the Mohican for not leaving Bering Sea after having been warned.

British steamer Wilfred, seized by the Rush with fresh killed seals aboard.

## A DEAD HIGHLANDER.

Killed by Another Highlander in a Portland Lottery Den.

PORTLAND (Or.), Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Chin Bow Bong, a Chinese highlander, was shot and probably fatally wounded this afternoon in a Chinese saloon. Thirteen Chinamen are under arrest for complicity in the affair.

It appears that May Took, a Chinese boy, had won \$135 on a lottery ticket. He gave the ticket to Bong to collect for him. This afternoon Bong demanded the money from the lottery agent a highlander, who was afterward identified as Tung Chong, drew a pistol and fired at Bong. The bullet entered his back below the ribs and grazed the hip. Reputable Chinese fear the shooting may lead to another highlander war.

Several Fires Near Phoenix, Ariz.—(Ariz.), Aug. 13.—Yesterday fire broke out in E. F. Kellner's hay barn on the fourth fourteen miles west of Phoenix, burning the barn, two sheds, implements and \$3000 worth of baled hay. The fire was fought with wet sacks. The water supply became exhausted as Grand Canal has been dry for eight days. Salt River is very low.

Today Bank & Criswell, wealthy cattlemen near the same place, lost their dwelling with a large amount of provisions and other goods valued at \$2500, and this evening a large amount of property on a dairy ranch near this city was burned. None of the property was insured.

SAN DIEGO'S CENTENNIAL PALM. SAN DIEGO, Aug. 13.—Some opposition was aroused on receipt of the news that the State World's Fair Commission has accepted the County Executive Committee's offer to transport the centennial palm from the west end of Mission Valley to the World's Fair. The people say the local committee has no authority. A fund has been started to remove the palm to the city park.

David Lubin of Sacramento finds matters of interest here in the historical section of the coming State Fair, and a big collection will be the result of the visit.

Killed Non-union Sailors. VICTORIA (B. C.), Aug. 13.—United States Consul Myer has in hand the cases of six non-union sailors of the schooner Robert Louis, who were captured at Port Gamble by union men and sent here under false pretenses with the object of keeping them away from the quarantine regulations. Consul Myer has communicated with Washington on the subject.

Five Convicts Break Jail. SALEM (Or.), Aug. 13.—During the night four convicts in the State penitentiary escaped. They are John Donohoe, serving five years for larceny; John Evans, six years for larceny; Robert Schneider, fifteen years for rape; D. S. Holiday, two years for forgery.

The Warship strikes a Rock. VICTORIA (B. C.), Aug. 13.—H.M.S. Warship, flagship of the Pacific fleet, struck a rock in Discovery Pass yesterday morning. She took no water. The extent of the damage is not known. Divers are examining her bottom. The coast showed perfectly safe, navigable water where she struck.

TO SAIL UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES. PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 13.—An interview with President Grison, of the Inman Line of steamers, this afternoon, confirms the reports heretofore published to the effect that two steamers of that line are to be placed on American register, and that later two large additional vessels will be built, to sail under the American flag, by Gramp & Sons.

VENTURA PEOPLE'S PARTY. VENTURA, Aug. 13.—The People's party met in convention today. There was a large attendance and a full county ticket was put in the field.

THAT GOLD TRAFFIC. Superintendent Troy says it was a terrible journey.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Superintendent Troy, of the railway mail service, who had charge of the train which carried \$20,000,000 in gold from the Federal sub-treasury in San Francisco to the sub-treasury in New York, arrived here today. He says he has no desire to repeat the experience of the trip and is of the opinion that the Government will not try it again soon. The publication of the fact that the train had started increased the dangers and necessitated increased vigilance. The result was loss of many hours of sleep and considerable discomfort. Guards in the front car were so situated that they could see without being seen, and at the same time cover and protect the engineer and fireman with Winchester. The party had two or three bad scares on the trip. At one place in the mountains a railway employee placed a torpedo signal on the track and came near losing his life as a train-wrecker, the guards thinking it dynamite. At another point a number of traps made a dash to board the train, but beat a precipitate retreat when confronted by a score of double-barreled rifles.

THEY TOOK POISON. An Infatuated Texas Couple Attempt to Die Together.

FOUR WORTH (Tex.), Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Two prominent society people last night attempted suicide by swallowing three grains of morphine. They are Eugene P. Thorne, a traveling salesman for a San Antonio drug house, a married man, and Miss Mary West of Hillsboro, Tex., who has been visiting here several days. The couple had fallen desperately in love months ago, but on account of Thorne's family ties they could not marry. Last night they went to the Arlington Inn, represented themselves as man and wife, and were assigned apartments where they took the deadly drug. For nine hours the work of rescue was carried on, and at noon today both are declared out of danger. It caused intense excitement in society circles.

CANADIAN BICYCLE RECORDS LOWERED. TORONTO, Aug. 13.—In the bicycle races here this afternoon, Zimmerman of New York lowered the quarter mile Canadian record for a flying start from 36 seconds to 32 3/5.

In the half mile handicap Zimmerman reduced the record from 1:12 4/5 to 1:04 5/8. George Meyers, a boy of 17, won the mile handicap by 2:32 to 2:28 2/5.

Killed His Sister's Assassin. FORT WORTH (Tex.), Aug. 13.—This morning George Burton was shot and killed by George Meyers, a boy of 17. Burton had attempted to rape the eighteen-year-old sister of Meyers. The boy surrendered and was locked up, but there is little question of his acquittal. Burton was a book agent and had only been in the city a couple of days.

RAILWAY TELEGRAPHS DISASTROUS. SCRANTON (Pa.), Aug. 13.—Representatives of the Order of Telegraphers are in this city, presumably to confer with Grand Master Halstead as to the differences existing between the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad and its telegraphers.

Gen. Dunn's Suicide. DENVER (Col.), Aug. 13.—Gen. Gano Dunn, formerly of New York City, who shot himself in the head last night in an attempt to commit suicide, died this afternoon at St. Luke's Hospital. The cause of the act still remains something of a mystery, as the General refused to make any statement before he died.

VICTIMS OF A POISONED WELL. LAUREL (Del.), Aug. 13.—John Williams, a colored farm hand, died this afternoon. He is the second victim of a poisoned well on John Rosser's farm, while three others are so ill they cannot recover. More live stock also died today.

ONE NIGHT'S RIDE. [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] "Did you ever ride on a locomotive?" asked G. G. Hawkins, as he settled himself for a comfortable smoke in the round of the Lindell. "I tried it once and have no desire to repeat the experience. It was out in Colorado, where you sometimes run so close to bottomless chasms that you could drop your hat into them, and make turns so short and sudden that it nearly disjoins your spinal vertebrae. The master mechanic was an old friend of mine and gave me permission to ride over the route on the engine of the lightning express.

The engineer did not appear to fancy my presence much, but treated me civilly. We were behind time, the night was as black as Erebus, and a terrific thunderstorm was raging. The engineer was determined to go on in time and the way he rushed around those curves and across cañons was enough to make a man's hair turn gray. The peculiar thing about those mountain engines is that they do not take a curve like any other vehicle. They go plunging straight ahead, until you feel sure that they are clear of the track and suspended in mid air, and then shoot around and leave you to wonder by what miracle you have been saved. The trucks take the curve in the orthodox manner, but the superstructure is so arranged that it consumes more time in making the turn. With the lightning playing about the mountain peaks and half disclosing the frightful gorges and swollen ravines, the great iron Leviathan away and plunging along the slippery, serpentine tracks, I first realized the perils of railway travel and the responsibility of the sullen man who kept his hand on the throttle and his eye on the track. I stood with my heart in my throat, admiring his nerve, but not envying him his job. At the first stop I clambered back into the coach and stayed there. The world looks really different from the windows of a Pullman than from the cab of the engineer."

## KICKS AT THE KAISER.

The German Emperor's boomerang: Very Unpopular.

A Soldiers' Swimming Drill Attended With Fatal Results.

More Reports of Slaughter by Arabs on the Congo.

Boys Cause a Dynamite Scare at Ostend—More Fighting in Morocco—The Amer. Fleet With Gladstone's Triumph.

By Telegram to the Times.

BERLIN, Aug. 13.—[Copyright, 1892, by New York Associated Press.] Emperor William decisively squelched the proposed Berlin International exhibition by withdrawing all official support from the scheme, on the advice of Von Caprivi. In this instance the Emperor was personally in favor of holding the exhibition, but bowed before the will of the majority.

Herrfurth's resignation is now credited to his having incurred the Emperor's disfavor by combating the Schloss lottery.

Vossische Zeitung publishes an article protesting against the Emperor's swaying all important affairs of state. "The ministers slavishly ask," says the article, "not what is best for the country, but what will please the Emperor. The ministers have no other ambition beyond carrying out the will of the crown, hardly endurable even in an autocratic state." The article faithfully reflects the feeling which pervades all classes. Though the energies and good intentions of the Emperor are appreciated, the Emperor's imperialism in terminating the Schleswig-Holstein treaty, the instability of public affairs, constant changes, frequent removals and an uncertain policy have aroused a general longing for a firm hand and unswerving methods, even if they are sometimes oppressive, as under Bismarck.

Satisfactory assurances have already reached the Foreign Office concerning Gladstone's foreign policy. He assents to the continuance of Salisbury's policy in its main features.

A convention of German horse butchers has agreed to open a first-class restaurant here for the purpose of educating the upper classes to the use of horse flesh as a viand.

Two hundred soldiers engaged in swimming exercises in the Niase River. They formed in three rows, carrying rifles, and swam in linen suits. When half way across they were overtaken by a general terror; the rows got mixed up and seven men, seizing each other, sank and drowned. But for the presence of some postmen, who rescued many who lost their presence of mind, the loss of life would have been terrible.

REBELS SUCCESSFUL. A Bloody Battle Near the City of Bolivia.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] The Herald's Trinidad special says: "Further particulars are received here of a bloody and decisive battle at Ciudad Bolivar. A considerable force was sent to attack the governments in their intrenchments. After a sharp engagement the assailants retired, apparently in full retreat. The Government's left the shelter of their entrenchments determined to crush the Legalists. This was the opportunity for which Hernandez and Gil were waiting. No sooner had the Governments got fairly on to the plains outside the city than they were overtaken by the Legalists, who, outnumbered by their forces in the field, and they were soon hotly pursued. The Government's realized that they had made a mistake in daring battle on the plains and began a retreat.

"Then the decisive blow of the battle was struck. The Legalist cavalry, which was kept in reserve, was thrown with tremendous effect on the already broken ranks of the Governments. The retreat became a rout and the Governments were swept practically out of existence as an organized army. The victorious Legalists entered Bolivar and Soledad practically without further opposition."

BUTCHERED BY ARABS. Scenes of Carriage Being Enacted on the Congo.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] A dispatch received this afternoon from St. Paul de Louanda States that Arabs annihilated the Congo state forces stationed at Benakamba. Commander Hollister was captured by Arabs and subjected to horrible torture for three days, after which he was beheaded.

Business, Aug. 13.—While the government doubts the reports from the Congo Free State that the Arabs are sweeping the country along the upper Congo, it is taking measures to concentrate forces at Bakoko and to establish a post at the confluence of the Lomami and Congo rivers.

Cholera Finding Many Victims. ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 13.—That cholera is now here is officially admitted. A report just issued shows that there were 154 cases and thirty-one deaths in the city between August 1 and 12. Thus far only working people have been attacked, the conditions under which they live being favorable to the disease. They passively resist the endeavors of the authorities to improve the sanitary condition of their dwellings. Some of the wealthiest residents are preparing to leave the city.

The Amer. Fleet With Gladstone. SIMLA, Aug. 13.—The Amer. of Afghanistan writes that he is pleased with the selection of Gen. Sir Frederick Roberts to visit him on a mission, but owing to the rebellion among the Hazaras, his hands are full and he is unable to name time or place for meeting the British representative. As for the Hazaras, the Amer. writes that he will starve them out this winter. The Amer.'s decision is held to be tantamount to the collapse of the mission. His altered attitude is due to the prospect of Gladstone being in power.

Military Maneuvers Abandoned. ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 13.—The Czar has countermanded the orders for great military maneuvers at Krasnoe Selo, as the country is a morass on account of floods.

More Fighting in Morocco. LONDON, Aug. 13.—A dispatch to the Times from Tangiers stated that the Sultan's troops, who were driven back a few days ago by the rebels of the Ang-

bera tribesmen, have been reinforced by the Moroccan gendarmes. At 7 o'clock this morning the combined forces moved into the Anghera district. They met with no opposition. Two detached villages were set on fire. It is reported that the Andalusian rebels are massing near the Moroccan road.

Astoria Belles for the World's Fair. PARIS, Aug. 13.—Desiro Charnay, the French explorer of "Phantom City," fame has just received an invitation from the Government of the United States to go to that country in October to prepare exhibits for the Chicago Exposition. He will make exact copies in plaster of paria of all Astec curiosities he found in Mexico, which no doubt will form one of the principal attractions of the World's Fair.

Boys Cause a Dynamite Scare. OSTEND, Aug. 13.—Mischievous boys exploded a sardine box filled with gunpowder under a café window in Maria Kirke, scorching the hands and faces of two persons. The affair being concerned with dynamites, though exaggerated reports of a serious explosion were sent out early in the day.

Gladstone's Clever Rejoinder. LONDON, Aug. 13.—In regard to an article in the Telegraph, stating that Lord Rosebery will not join the new cabinet, Gladstone has written a letter saying: "The Telegraph appears to know what I do not know."

A Bishop's Murderers Confess. ROMA, Aug. 13.—Three men who were arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of the Bishop of Foligno, have confessed that they committed the crime. They say robbery was the motive.

Four Dead—Twelve Injured. OGDEN (N. J.), Aug. 13.—Four men are dead and twelve badly injured by the accident here yesterday.

Wanted a Wife. (New York Weekly.) Miss Antiqua. You ought to get married, Mr. Oldchap.

Mr. Oldchap (earnestly). I have wished many times lately that I had a wife.

Miss Antiqua (delighted). Have you, really?

Mr. Oldchap. Yes. If I had a wife, she'd probably have a sewing-machine, and the sewing-machine would have an old chap and I'd take it and old my office chair. It equals horribly.

A Responsible Jingle. [Philadelphia Record.] We're back lucky; Ready-made avidity; Trade is all timidity; Society is supidity; Temperance is all fatuity; Life has an solidity; In the reign of Queen Humidity.

Was Paged at Factory Prices. See new stock at W. B. Stewart's, 345 North Main, under St. James hotel. Largest selection—beautiful.

New Styles, the Very Latest. The new designs in wall papers just received at W. B. Stewart's, 345 North Main street.

Old People. J. V. R. is the only Serrapilla that old or feeble people should take, as the mineral potash which is in every Serrapilla that we know of, is under certain conditions known to be essential. J. V. R. is on the contrary is purely vegetable and stimulates digestion and creates new blood, the very thing for old, delicate or broken down people. It builds them up and prolongs their lives. A case in point: Mrs. Belden, an estimable and elderly lady of 80 years of age, was for months declining so rapidly as to seriously alarm her family. It got so bad that she was finally afflicted with fainting spells. She writes: "While in that dangerous condition I saw some of the testimonials concerning J. V. R. and sent for a bottle. That marked the turning point. I regained my lost flesh and strength and have not felt so well to this day." That was two years ago and Mrs. Belden is well and hearty to-day, and stating J. V. R. is an old and tried and wanted to be built up.

JOY'S Vegetable Sarsaparilla. Largest bottle, most effective, same price.

Beautiful Hands! Are made every lady is anxious to possess. Now, there is a secret that has never been revealed to the world, and that is, the sure way to possess these hands of beauty. Use MOLLINE. A proved success. This discovery was made by a graduate of London England college and a learned chemist. The horrors of the kitchen is no more a worry to the housewife. No matter how stained and grimy the hands may be, one application of the wonderful MOLLINE will leave them as soft and white as if no kitchen work had been done. For sale by all druggists in large bottles, 50 cents.

Give MOLLINE one trial and you will never be without it.

F. W. Braun & Co., Agents. Extract of Beef! Inferior and imitation sorts are coarse, but genuine Liebig's is pure and pleasant flavor, but the genuine.

Liebig COMPANY'S. Bearing the author's best signature of J. Liebig, the great chemist, has the odor of roast beef, a fine flavor, dissolves easily in water and assimilates with the most delicate cookery. For delicious, refreshing beef tea. For improved and economic cooking.

A Cure Guaranteed. DR. BELL'S GERMAN EXTRACT cures all private, syphilis, chronic, urinary, skin and blood diseases: catarrh, lung affections, female diseases, all kinds of skin diseases, blood poison, old sores and ulcers, G. & G. in two or three days. No preparation on earth equal to it. For sale only at the old reliable BELL'S DRUGSTORE, 305 South Spring street, Los Angeles.

## Atlantic and Pacific Steamship Line!

Freight Only Between—New York & San Francisco—Via Straits of Magellan—Stopping at—REDONDO.

For Los Angeles and San Diego Cargo, TO NEW YORK—The first-class American Steel Steamship

Progresso Will sail from REDONDO on or about September 1, 1892.

Low Freight Rates. Length of Voyage about 85 Days. Johnson-Locke Mer. Co., San Francisco, Agents, Barber & Co., 31 and 33 Broadway, New York Agents.

Childs & Walton, Agts., 118 South Main-st., Southern California Agents.

SANTA ABIE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

ACTS LIKE MAGIC. PRICE 50 CTS. AND \$1.00.

ABIE MEDICAL CO. OROVILLE, CAL.

—SOLD BY—OFF & VAUGHN, Cor. Fourth & Spring-sts., Los Angeles.

76 Pounds in 64 Days.

MR. TURNER (Conn.) Royal Germanist Co.—GENTLEMEN: You will be pleased to learn that I am thoroughly restored to health—thanks to the medicine you sent me. I had been a great sufferer for ten years from rheumatism, liver, kidney and bowel troubles, and have been suffering recently with general debility and nervous prostration. During this ten years I have been treated by the most eminent physicians in Memphis and New York. Among the physicians consulted is one of President Garfield's attendants (name given at our office R. G. Co.). November 1881—I have entirely recovered my health. When I left Hot Springs, Ark., I weighed 100 pounds. I now weigh 176. December 1st—I weigh 188 pounds. A gain of 76 pounds in 64 days, and am in perfect health—all owing to Bitter, Royal Germanist. Yours truly, G. F. M. TURNER.

Gen. Turner was several years Attorney-General for Tennessee. Sold by druggists, price \$1 per bottle.

ROYAL GERMANIST CO., Coast Agents, 133 Polk st., San Francisco, Cal. Southern California supplied by

F. W. BRAUN & CO., LOS ANGELES, CAL. Wholesale Agents

The Original and Genuine (WORCESTERSHIRE) LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

Improve the most delicious taste and best to a LETTER FROM A MEDICAL GEN. LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE. I have been using your sauce for some time, and in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most economical, sauce that is made.

Beware of Imitations! See that you get Lea & Perrins' Signature on every bottle of Original & Genuine. JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, NEW YORK.

When "Old Sol" makes all things sizzle, Drink Hires' Root Beer. When cold care makes life a fizzle, Drink Hires' Root Beer.

When you feel a little dry, When you're cross and don't know why, When with thirst the children cry, There's a sweet relief to try—Drink Hires' Root Beer.

A 25 cent Package makes five gallons.

Two Year Shortness of Breath, Pain in Back, Stiffening, Smothering, Spasms, Cured by one bottle of New Cure, Hall Allcock, N. Y.

For thousands of testimonials, see Dr. Miles' Book, New and Starling Post-Office, FARM at drugists.

The most reliable cure for all Heart Diseases.

DR. MILES' FOR THE NEW CURE HEART. A Positive Cure for Dropsy, Anemia, DR. MILES' MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

## Presidential Campaign of 1892.

Superior Inducements To Readers of

## The Saturday Times and Weekly Mirror.

The Presidential Campaign of 1892 will, without doubt, be one of the most intensely interesting and exciting in the history of the United States, and country people will be extremely anxious to have all the general and political news and discussions of the day as presented in a National Journal in addition to that supplied by their own local paper.

To meet this want we have entered into a contract with the

## NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

The Leading Republican Paper of the Union, Which enables us to offer that splendid journal (regular subscription price, \$1.00 per year) and the SATURDAY TIMES AND WEEKLY MIRROR for one year.

For Only \$1.50, Cash in Advance. N. Y. Weekly Tribune, regular price per year, \$1.00. Saturday Times and Weekly Mirror, regular price per year, 1.50.

TOTAL, \$2.50. We Furnish Both Papers One Year for \$1.50. Subscriptions may begin at any time.

This is the most liberal combination offer ever made in the United States, and every reader of the SATURDAY TIMES AND WEEKLY MIRROR should take advantage of it at once.

WITH THE LOS ANGELES DAILY TIMES: Daily Times, 5 months, from June 1, by mail, \$3.75. N. Y. Weekly Tribune, regular price per year, 1.00.

TOTAL, \$4.75. We Furnish Both Papers THE TIMES for 5 months, and THE N. Y. TRIBUNE for 1 year, for \$4.00. Address all orders to the

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5. The Map and the Daily Times 3 25 10 20 2 00

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7. The Shotgun and the Daily Times 17 05 23 70 15 80

8. The Dictionary and the Daily Times 3 80 10 20 2 70

9. The Flower Book and the Daily Times 2 90 10 20 1 60

\*Where the Daily is sent by mail the yearly subscription price is \$9.00 instead of \$10.20. †For the Encyclopedia and the Daily Times 3 months, the charge is \$5.00 instead of \$4.30—the advance having been necessitated to cover an unexpectedly high freight rate on the books.

Ask or send for our full descriptive Premium List.

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ELEVENTH YEAR.

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, AUGUST 14, 1892.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

PRICE: FIVE CENTS.

## PEASANT RUSSIA.

## A Look at Russia's Half Million Peasant Villages.

The Land of the Czar and its Republican Government.

Something About the Village Assemblies and Their Judges.

The Freedom of the Serfs and How More Than Forty Millions Were Liberated from the Chains of Bondage.

TAMBOFF (Russia), July 26, 1892.—[Special Correspondence of THE TIMES.] I write this letter in the heart of the great black plain of Russia. I am two days' ride by rail south of Moscow, in the ragged little city of Tamboff, and I have been traveling for days through some of the richest lands on the face of God's green earth. This black plain extends from Poland far into Siberia. It is flat as a floor, as rich as guano and as black as your hat. Its soil is made up of decomposed vegetable matter, and it makes me think of the richest fields of Kansas, which Senator Ingalls once told me were so good that you could thrust your arm down into them up to the shoulder and pull out from



Peasant plowing.

the bottom handfuls of black earth as rich as that of the Valley of the Nile. This soil of the black plain is an almost natural manure. It pulverizes easily and it ranges all the way from three to five feet deep. It is the garden of Russia, and it has been called the granary of Europe. For hundreds of years it has produced the richest of crops with no scientific farming, and today it is loaded with grain which has been produced by sowing the seed after merely scratching its surface with wooden plows. This plain is of vast extent, and it could, if half cultivated, supply all Europe with food, and it forms the greatest competitor of the United States in the markets of the world today. It comprises, I am told, nearly 800,000 square miles, or more than twice the area of the Atlantic States from Maine to Florida, and more than the aggregate area of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and Kentucky. At present only a small proportion of it is farmed, and the great Russian empire is by all odds the most undeveloped country on the earth today. In the conditions here were the same as they are in the United States in respect to government and the rights of property, all the emigration of Europe would pour into Russia and Siberia, and the markets and financial condition of all the world would be changed.

## FACTS ABOUT RUSSIA.

In order to get any idea of the Russian empire and its people one must get out of the cities and travel off into the country. The Russia of today is an agricultural country, and it is among the peasants that you find the elements that are to affect the world in the future. There are more than 100,000,000 of these peasants, and it is an interesting study to look at them and the vast areas of land they have to work with. Russia in Europe is an empire in itself. I have already traveled weeks in going over a small part of it, and its magnificent distances are like those of the United States. It has about two-thirds as much land as the whole United States, and this land is a vast plain hemmed in by the Ural Mountains on the east, running from the Baltic Sea to the Black Sea and the Caspian, and nowhere having any hills more than 1100 feet high. Such hills as there are are few, and they lie north of the center of the country and make a watershed, so that from them by the most gradual fall the water runs from these both north and south. Russia is well watered, and great rivers cut their way through the land, giving her irrigation and transportation facilities. The irrigation is as yet but begun, but the rivers and canals have for centuries formed almost the only means of shipping goods throughout the country. It is wonderful how cheap freights are and how far-reaching this water communication is. The Nile is as big as the Mississippi and it is 2300 miles long. It runs through the eastern part of European Russia, and it has such branches that it forms a trade artery for central and South Russia and Siberia. It is connected by canal with the Neva and goods can be taken by water from Astrakhan to St. Petersburg, and by hundreds of its branches and connections it can be shipped from the Baltic to the most out of the way regions of the country. The Don, which flows into the Black Sea, runs for a part of its course not far from the Volga, and there are a half dozen navigable rivers which go into the Black Sea. North Russia is filled with lakes and streams, and it is only in the south that the lack of water is felt. Here in the great black plain a drought causes bad crops, and it was a series of droughts that brought about the famine of this year. This, however, might have been avoided by deeper plowing, for I am told that wherever the farmers plowed as deep as we do they had excellent crops.

## RUSSIA'S FOUR LAND ZONES.

This part of Russia is known as the black land zone, and one gets some idea of the country in looking at it in each division. There is as much difference in the climate of this land as there is difference in that of the various parts of the United States, and in St. Petersburg I wore two suits of underclothing and an overcoat, while here I am roasting in my shirt sleeves. Northern Russia is covered with forests, and the

Czar has probably more wood than all the rest of Europe put together. From the Baltic to Moscow there is little else than forests. There are vast woods through which you might wander for hundreds and hundreds of miles and never find any signs of habitation, and which are not penetrated by railroads, and I traveled for hours from Petersburg to Moscow through woods more wild than any in America. This is known as the forest zone of Russia. It includes more than 400,000,000 acres, and takes in the most of the northern part of Russia in Europe. Below this zone of forests comes this black land zone, where I now am, and below this running parallel with it across Russia is the arable steppe zone, which is bringing forth good crops, but which needs manure to help it, and which in its character is much like our Western prairies. It is used largely for grazing, and it grows wild grasses which are often seven and eight feet high. This zone has as much land as Texas, and it is said that Texas could feed the whole United States. I am told that the soil in that part of Russia is much like that of Texas, and when Russia is well opened up by railroads this zone will be an important factor in the agricultural markets of the world. As it is now only about one-tenth of area the black lands region is cultivated and Russia already supplies the greater part of the food of Europe. Germany and the other countries of the continent have been much affected by the prohibition of the grain exports from Russia during the famine, and it is this more than anything else that has set the Germans to studying and experimenting on our corn to see if they cannot get some combination of corn and rye which will feed their army and leave them independent of Russia. As it is they have been getting a large proportion of their rye from Russia and rye is the staple bread food of the Germans.

## HOW RUSSIAN LANDS ARE DIVIDED.

The land laws of Russia are far different from those of the United States, and the land is divided up in a way that is not known elsewhere. The Czar owns more than half of all the lands of the empire and a great part of the vast forests of Russia belong to the crown. These forests are managed by the officers of the crown, and wood from them is cut by the peasants either for wages or on speculation. The crown has something like 80,000,000 acres of forests, and it has a vast area of land which is leased out and which brings a regular yearly revenue. The most of its lands lie in the northern part of the country and a large per cent. of them are unproductive.

Next to the Czar come the peasants, who own about 27 per cent. or only a little more than a fourth of European Russia, and the great bulk of this land is mortgaged to the state and is being paid for on the installment plan. This peasant land is owned not by individuals but by villages in common, and these villages have assumed the debt for the land which was assessed upon them at the time that the serfs were freed by Alexander II, and they work the lands in common, dividing them up among themselves every few years, but never giving any one a fee simple title to his portion, but only allowing him the use of it for a limited period. There are more than 800,000,000 acres of land held in this way in different parts of Russia, or enough land to make eight States the size of Ohio or Kentucky. This land is held by about 38,000,000 owners and the average amount of land held by each of these peasants is less than thirteen acres. In the rich lands the average is much smaller than this and about Tula the Countess Tolstol told me that it was not more than three acres per person.

The Russian nobility, who used to own nearly all of this peasant land and who till a generation ago had the peasants as their serfs or half slaves, are growing poorer and poorer. They received pay for their lands which were given to the peasants on a basis of a 6 per cent. revenue value of them. But they have

## RUSSIAN VILLAGES.

not made money out of their sales, and they are gradually selling what they have left, and in the future Russia may some time become a land of small proprietors. It is interesting to have a vast deal of real estate, and I have traveled through the farms of nobles where you could ride all day on horseback at a good Russian speed, which is about the fastest in the world, and not get to the end of their estates. Almost all of the nobles are extravagant. Some of them are as poor as church mice, and to be a noble in Russia is no sign of a long pedigree, great wealth or a great amount of culture. There are something like 1,000,000 nobles in the empire, and of these only a little over 100,000 are landholders, and of these the average holding is less than 8000 acres. Since the Czar was freed the merchant class has been rising in Russia, and though I hear the nobles now and then speak of their rather sneeringly they are rapidly acquiring land. This class already owns areas which aggregate a territory equal to that of the State of Indiana, and other lands are held by private companies and by the churches and monasteries. The monasteries are very rich, and they own not only great tracts of leased lands, but also town property and business blocks. One of the best streets in Moscow is owned almost altogether by the monasteries, who hold on to their investments as the Catholic Church does to that which it owns. Some of our cities and who understand how to get good rents and good profits from their estates.

## A NATION OF PEASANTS.

Russia, however, is a nation of peasants. We hear of this country only as the land of the Czar or as the possessions of the autocrat of all the Russias, and until this year few people have looked upon it as much else than an ordinary European country filled with an oppressed and rather turbulent people. It was supposed to be filled with peasants who are plotting against their govern-

## A VILLAGER'S LIFE.

I was surprised during a call which I made on ex-Minister to Russia Lothrop at his home in Detroit to hear him say that Russia was the most republican country in the world, and that its people, to all outward appearances, were a little republic. Its inhabitants elect their own officers by vote, and its courts, for all ordinary offenses, are managed by judges elected by the people. Every village has a little assembly of its own, made up of every member to every five houses, and these men manage the affairs of the village. The village, you know, owns the land and this assembly divides this from time to time among the people, giving each family a certain number of acres according to the number in it and according to its working power. After each a division the lands are left with the families to which

## A VILLAGER'S LIFE.

they are allotted until the next division, when they revert to the village to be given out to the some persons as to others at the assembly. I may see it. This assembly fixes the dates of harvesting, the time of sowing crops and it makes all arrangements to the collection of taxes. The government of the Czar takes the village of the great Russian population. The town and the city people number but a few millions and the great bulk of the people live in little villages. These villages constitute the real Russia and the Russia of the future. Of the 120,000,000 subjects of the Czar less than 20,000,000 live in towns, and

## THE LION AND THE TIGER.



ment and who are dissatisfied with their condition. It is known as the land of nihilism and it is thought by many that the peasants are among the nihilists. This is a mistake. Such nihilistic elements as exist do not belong to the peasantry at all and the nihilists, the officials and the nobility form but a drop in the bucket of this great Russian population. The town and the city people number but a few millions and the great bulk of the people live in little villages. These villages constitute the real Russia and the Russia of the future. Of the 120,000,000 subjects of the Czar less than 20,000,000 live in towns, and



Some village children.

the towns of Russia are numbered by hundreds. There are comparatively only a few large cities. St. Petersburg is about the size of Boston, Warsaw is as big as St. Louis, and Odessa is a little bigger than Cleveland. In addition to these there are a few cities of 100,000 each and then about 300 cities ranging from 10,000 up to 50,000 and about fifteen cities of from 50,000 to 100,000 in size. There are, however, more than 500,000 peasant villages, and these villages contain the vast peasant population of Russia, which forms nearly one-tenth of the population of the globe. This immense number of people impresses me more and more every day, and I begin to realize what these numbers mean to us. If all the men, women and children on this big round earth could be collected together one in every ten of them would be a Russian peasant, and of all the land upon the earth they



RUSSIAN VILLAGERS.

own and are scattered over one-seventh of it. Only a small proportion of these many millions live outside of Russia, and the village system and customs are very much the same the whole empire over. Every Russian village is a little Russia in itself, and by the study of these people and by a look at one of their villages you get a fair idea of the whole empire and of this great Russian people. Of course there are Asiatic tribes, and some of the new territories as Finland and Poland, and to a certain extent different from the pure Russians, but the great Russia is a village; Russia and the Russians as a nation are the peasants.



A village policeman.

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telectually the equal of any man on the face of the earth, and when he is once roused up to his possibilities and shows how he can realize them he will develop into one of the strongest men of the future. No one can go among the Russian peasants without being struck by the wonderful strength of features of both men and women and every day scores of peasants whose faces would attract attention in any American crowd and the women I meet are motherly, womanly looking women. There are very few villainous faces, as I never saw a man with a wicked look, and the patriarchal men who look as though they were men of authority and force are to be seen on every side. I visited a Russian bath in Moscow where I saw a hundred men stark naked, steaming, soaking and scrubbing their milk white skins, and I was struck by the splendid physique which every one of them possessed. There was of the whole hundred not one who had not broad shoulders and big bones. All were tall and stout, and when I thought that these men were not picked athletes, but merely an average crowd at a public bath house, I felt the staying power of these hundred old fellows as I never had before. During the past few days I have been visiting these peasants in their fields and in their villages. I have gone into their houses and have talked with all classes of them. They seem to me like a vast nation of grown-up men who, with the strength of a giant have all the simplicity and ignorance of a semi-savage child. In another letter I will take you into one of their villages and show you as well as I can just how they look, act and live.

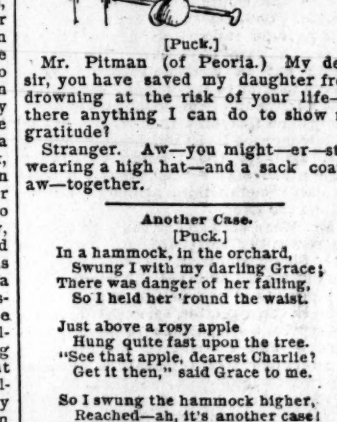
## A Reasonable Request.

Mr. Pittman (of Peoria). My dear sir, you have saved my daughter from drowning at the risk of your life—there anything I can do to show my gratitude?



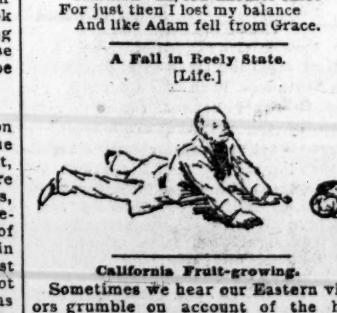
## Another Case.

In a hammock, in the orchard, swung I with my darling Grace; There was danger of her falling, So I held her round the waist. Just above a rosy apple Hung quite fast upon the tree. "See that apple, dearest Charlie! Get it then," said Grace to me. So I swung the hammock higher, Reached—ah, it's another case! For just then I lost my balance, And like Adam fell from Grace.



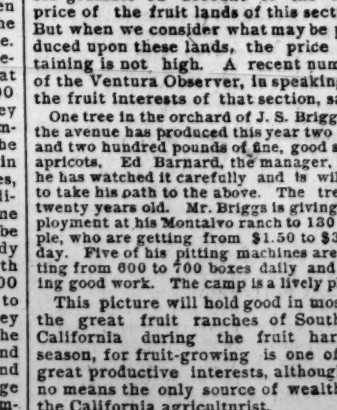
## A Fall in Reely State.

The Russian peasant is naturally improvident and unambitious. He has but few wants, and he lives, as far as he can, from hand to mouth. He has not yet reached the stage of aspiring to independence and to the ordinary comforts of life, and his dependence on a serf, with all the shiftlessness that comes with such a condition, clings to him more than it does to our negroes in the worst parts of the South. Naturally, however, he is physically and in-



## California Fruit-growing.

Sometimes we hear our Eastern visitors grumble on account of the high price of the fruit lands of this section. But when we consider what may be produced upon these lands, the price obtaining is not high. A recent number of the Ventura Observer, in speaking of the fruit interests of that section, says: One tree in the orchard of J. S. Briggs on the avenue has produced this year two tons and two hundred pounds of fine, good sized apricots. Ed Barnard, the manager, says he has watched it carefully and is willing to take his path to the above. The tree is twenty years old. Mr. Briggs is giving employment at his Monticito ranch to 120 people, who are getting from \$1.50 to \$3 per day. Five of his pitting machines are cutting from 600 to 700 boxes daily and doing great work. The camp is a lively place. This picture will hold good in most of the great fruit ranches of Southern California during the fruit harvest season, for fruit-growing is one of our great productive industries, although by no means the only source of wealth to the California agriculturist.



## The Sugar Beet Growers of the China.

It is altogether surprising to receive from \$180,000 to \$200,000 this year. Richard Gird comes in for four-fifths this sum. In a few years more the annual beet crop at China will be fully 8000 or 10,000 acres, and the growers will get therefrom over \$1,000,000 a year. These may seem like pretty large figures, but just wait and see if they are not justified. [Ponoma Progress.]

## BIERJUNGE.

## The Beer Duel of the German Student.

How the Merry Walt Battle is Fought and Won.

In One Time and Three Motions—"One, Two, Three—Drink."

The Ethics of the Combat—Strict Discipline and Great Fun—The Most Notable Beer-drinking Match on Record.

HEIDELBERG, July 24.—[Special Correspondence of THE TIMES.] Among German students, more especially among those belonging to the corps, as the highest grade of student societies is termed, a strict attention to the rules and regulations pertaining to the proper manner of drinking beer in company forms one of the most essential points in the education of every corpsman, or society-fellow. The ceremonious etiquette in regard to compliments, responses, when to drink and how much to drink at a time is most forcibly imposed upon all, and any infringements of the same by, perhaps, some younger member is immediately punished by some older "fellow" com-

and pour the mild liquid down their throats without once making use of the palate or swallowing organ, and the beer would flow down just as easily as if it were being poured through a funnel into a tub and with as much after effect. As a rule these drinking contests are harmless, but they are not without a spice of danger, and on several occasions death has been a result. The more orderly and sensible fellows refrain from these rather nonsensical exhibitions of drinking skill, but among the younger ones a student who has the power of demolishing more beer and in less time than his associates is looked up to as some one like a little god, for the highest ambition of a fresh student, aye, and even of most of the older fellows, is to become a noted fighter and drinker.

One of the most notable beer battles, however, that I am acquainted with took place at Göttingen in 1884. Twelve young students who gloried in their ambiguous reputations as great beer-drinkers and every one of whom asserted that he could drink more than the other, determined to decide the momentous question by a Homeric beer-drinking contest. Nothing was talked of for days before the coming combat, and several hundred students assembled in the large, decorated hall to witness the great event. Punctually at 7 p.m. the twelve young fellows took their places at a specially arranged table. A president and vice-president were elected; a young student was appointed to wait upon each of the contestants, behind every one of whom stood a cask of beer containing about 120 large glasses of beer; then a time



THE BEER DUEL.

manding the delinquent to quit sandy quantities of beer, more or less, as the case may require.

One of the most important of these hilarious signs of good fellowship is the Bierjunge, or beer duel, but literally translated, beer boy. Let us suppose two fellows, as the younger members of the corps are called who have not yet bloomed into ripe students, belonging to the same society or corps, who have entered into an argument and are unable to decide who is right and who is wrong, as it very frequently happens, the wordy discussion becomes too animated, and it is found necessary to appeal to a senior student. This worthy gentleman, after pretending that he has strictly considered the pro and cons of the debate, orders both foes to decide the dispute by drinking a Bierjunge, or by fighting a beer duel, the victor of which to be hailed the winner of the wordy combat. The young fellows, nothing loath, readily agree to this proposal—in fact they must, for obedience on the part of a younger to an older bursche is rigidly enforced. Two large glasses of beer are now called for, and the two contestants, it is the latter's duty to see that each glass contains an approximately like quantity, give the commands, and decide as to who is the winner. Now begins the fun. To many strangers unacquainted with the habits of the German student the proceedings would appear extremely ludicrous, but not so to the persons interested who enter into the contest with as much earnestness and enthusiasm as if their lives depended upon the result. The umpire places both glasses side by side and examines them carefully; if one is found to contain a little more liquid than the other, he orders a certain amount to be taken out so that they are both equal, then the umpire having expressed himself satisfied as to the measurements of each glass, gives out the word of command in as stentorian and authoritative a voice as possible: "One, two, three—drink!" The two contestants, then, facing each other, sip from their glasses, and the half-smothered cry of "Bierjunge!" is heard almost simultaneously from each, the one who has first uttered the word after drinking down his beer being declared the victor, that is, provided all the other connected details have been religiously observed, for a careful scrutiny is taken by the umpire to see whether either of the participants has left any beer in the bottom of the glass, or whether he has spit any on his clothes or on the floor during the hurried combat, for if either one or the other had committed any of these faults he would be deemed the loser. In the event of a tie, or both combatants committing the like faults, the duel must be fought over again until complete satisfaction is arrived at. It is something marvelous to note the rapidity with which some students can perform this feat. The writer, during a many years' sojourn in Germany, has known many of these jolly young fellows, who had often gone through the performance, bring it to such a scientific state of satisfactory completeness that they could take a large glass or stone jar of beer containing more than a pint of the malt juice, simply hold back their heads

keeper was chosen for each man, whose duty it was to mark down the number of glasses drunk and the time taken by his man. The president called attention, made a short appropriate speech, ordered a salamander to be rubbed—an important part of the student's beer-drinking ceremony—called for a song, which was sung with that pathos and power common to the Germans, and proclaimed the duel begun. There was no riotous behavior; song and fun, abundant, and quarrelsome voices were never heard. Every two hours the number of glasses partaken of by each combatant was called out amid the hurrahs or jeers, as the case might be, of those standing around. A photograph of the proceedings was taken every three hours, and many a ridiculous and mirth-provoking scene the pictures portrayed. At the sixth hour only seven were capable of drinking more at the ninth, three at the tenth hour only one solitary student still drank copious draughts. The latter's record (which is the greatest I know of on this occasion was seventy-eight large glasses of beer, or sixty-six pints—all in ten hours. The smallest number was fifty-three.

## Happy Days.

(Judge.)



The dry goods clerk now hails the day He'll stroll along the shore With her he waited on last year Within the dry goods store.

"Oh! I'm half melted with the hot weather."



## What to Do With a Watermelon.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

When you thump it with your fingers and it gives a heavy sound, Like summer rain a-fallin' on the dry and dusty ground; Just get your Barlow ready 'an' prepare to make a swipe. And carve it straight 'an' steady, till it opens, red 'an' ripe. Then fold your Barlow careful, 'an' take your melon flat; Put one half on this side 'o' yop, the other half on that; Then take the biggest in your lap 'an' tear the heart out, so! 'An' smack your lips 'an' praise the Lord from whom all blessings flow!



## EDITORS IN POLITICS.

## Great Men of the Press in Council.

## Famous Journalists Who Have Been Skilled in Statecraft.

James Watson Webb, Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond.

James Gordon Bennett and Thurlow Weed. How the New York Herald swung into line for the Union.

Contributed to The Times.

The nomination of Whitelaw Reid for the Vice-Presidency and the conspicuous victory which Henry Watterson obtained when he pleaded before the Democratic national convention for the adoption of a certain plank in the platform, suggest some of those earlier victories which the political editors obtained.

It has been said that the modern tendencies of journalism led away from the pathway of personal influence which some of the editors of the past so successfully trod. But the successes of Mr. Reid and Mr. Watterson suggest that after all personal influence is not



James Watson Webb.

circumscribed by reason of newspaper association.

On the return from one of the conventions a party of men of influence were sitting in a parlor car and speaking in a reminiscent way of political activities in the past. Most of these men were in the youth of old age and their recollections carried them back to the time when the Whig party was winning and losing Presidential battles between 1840 and 1852. That was the day when the political editor was also a man of great personal influence and in the recollection of these men no one was more prominent than Gen. James Watson Webb. He was the Whig editor who, with Horace Greeley, represented the principles and policy of that great party. Gen. Webb was, perhaps, the most devoted admirer that Henry Clay had in the United States. As editor of the Courier and Enquirer he was a man of power in the party, but he would have been powerful had he possessed no newspaper organ with which to fight his battles. He was an impetuous, enthusiastic, aggressive and energetic man. He loved a battle, but he fought fair. He had plenty of personal courage, and when he went out on the field to accept personal responsibility for something he had said he was as cool as though he were one of a happy party at a picnic. He received the bullet of his opponent almost without wincing, and went to prison defiantly with no sense of shame, and encouraged by the devotion of his friends. Pardoned out of prison within a few hours after his incarceration, he took up the editorial pen with as much enthusiasm as though he had been away upon a vacation, and never lost any prestige by reason of this duel. Gen. Webb was essentially a politician, and not an editor as the term is now understood, just as Horace Greeley was a great political writer, orator and lecturer, but was compelled to rely upon men of journalistic interest and capacity to make the Tribune a great newspaper, as it was a great organ.

Gen. Webb took upon his paper some time in the forties a young man who had served an apprenticeship as reporter and newspaper writer upon the Tribune. He was a very bright young man, and the first of those men who have had splendid achievement as reporters and writers upon the New York press. This was Henry J. Raymond. Through some misunderstanding with Mr. Greeley he had quitted the Tribune, and he became Gen. Webb's right-hand

man, learning not only the art of journalism but the science of politics while in that employ; so that when he established his own paper, the New York Times, a few years later, he was equipped both as a politician and a journalist for the work which he had to do.

With the decline of the Whig party Gen. Webb's newspaper went somewhat into decay, and it was able to hold its own in the mighty rush of newspaper development and competition which characterized the decade between 1850 and 1860. Early in the time of the war the plan and franchise were sold to the New York World, and it was the basis of the success of that paper as managed by Manton Marble.

Gen. Webb was active in political affairs after he quitted newspaper work, and in recognition of his services and ability he was sent, after he became an old man, as minister to one of the South American governments. Gen. Webb, while very proud of the career of the Whig party and his share in its successes and of the achievements of his successor, the Republican party, yet perhaps in his old age was prouder of the splendid promise which his sons gave of worthily maintaining his name.

He lived long enough to see them gain recognition as men of ability and force,

and it was a joy to the old man to know that he was the progenitor of a family which gave promise of great distinction.

Horace Greeley, although perhaps the most conspicuous of the political editors of the past, certainly the most powerful of the Whig editors, was yet never able to gain but one elective office. He was chosen to fill out the unexpired term of a member of Congress, and his brief career in the House did not indicate that he was as successful in public life as he had been with the political pen. He wanted to be Lieutenant-Governor, and the nomination went to Henry J. Raymond, whom Greeley at that time particularly detested, and upon whom he then fixed the sobriquet of "Little Villain." Afterward he was ambitious to become the candidate of his party both for the Governorship and for the United States Senate, and he defeated in both these aspirations. Then he wrote a letter which was famous and has become traditional, in which he announced the dissolution of the partnership of Weed, Seward & Greeley. But if he was not able to secure office for himself he had the capacity to balk the ambitions of some of those who had thwarted him, and when he appeared in the Chicago convention of 1860 as a delegate with the proxy of one who had been cut from Oregon, Thurlow Weed well understood what motive actuated him, and that he was there for no other purpose than to secure the defeat of Mr. Seward before the convention. It is too much to say that he did secure this defeat alone, but he aided those others who were bound to defeat Seward.

Unexpectedly there came to Mr. Greeley the nomination for the Presidency of the Liberal Republicans, and Democrats upon a coalition ticket in 1872. In the campaign he revealed extraordinary ability upon the stump. He made a series of speeches which are oratorical gems, and although he lost the Presidency he gained great credit by reason of the ability displayed in these addresses, which are models of pure English and of argumentative speech.

Of Mr. Raymond Thurlow Weed used to say that he would have been a great politician had he not been an editor, and would have been a very great editor had he not been a politician. Mr. Weed meant that Raymond's political inclinations and his editorial zeal were equally great, thus making him from concentrating his mind upon gaining the highest success in either one of these careers. At such times as Mr. Raymond turned his back upon politics and seemed disposed to use to the party the great talents which he had, his newspaper, his great gifts as a journalist were made evident. On the other hand when he seemed to be absorbed by political zeal his successes in that direction were great. He was the editor of the work of organizing the new Republican party was committed. He was the central figure of its first convention in 1856. He wrote its platform, so that the declaration of that party of its principles and purposes as they stand of record was formulated by Mr. Raymond.

He afterward served in Congress and his peculiar political ability was then demonstrated. His friends have always felt that he made one error as a politician, and that was when he conceived and consummated the "Arm-in-Arm" convention, which was a futile and as it now seems a ridiculous attempt to organize a national party in sympathy with the public policy of Andrew Johnson while President.

What Mr. Raymond might have done either in politics or journalism had he been permitted to follow his own bent, he reached his prime has always been a matter of interesting conjecture with prominent men in New York who knew him well. Some of these men think that he would have been found in the van of the new developments of journalism which were beginning to be felt about the time of his death. Others are of the opinion that as he grew older he would have been tempted to abandon active journalistic life and to have made a great personal career in politics. But those who knew Mr. Raymond best believed that he could not have changed his nature, and his concentration his talent for any long continued period in either of these directions. He would to the end of his days have been for a time a politician and then again for another time an editor.

The whole brothers were conspicuous political editors for more than forty years. They came from a little town in Maine, became the owners of the New York Express and were personally acquainted with the great men of the party than their newspaper was. James was the most dashing, brilliant, aggressive; Erastus had more of the diplomatic quality. James served for many years in Congress, and was last compelled to bow his head in shame to receive the censure of the Speaker. This dishonor was the sad climax of a career which had been brilliant and successful, and James Brooks did not long survive it. Erastus was a member of Congress and sometimes a member of the State Senate. He lived to enjoy a serene old age, and long enough to see the newspaper property which he had created and the possession of one of the most romantic characters of American commercial life, Cyrus W. Field.

William Cullen Bryant, although more famous as a poet than as an editor, yet for many years was one of the leading political editors of this country. He sought no office for himself, nor was he a journalist in the modern meaning of the term, but he was a political controversialist of great power, and his editorship of the Evening Post lasted for a longer period than did the connection of any other of the famous editors with the newspapers which they controlled.

James Gordon Bennett, Sr., was not a political editor in the sense that his associates were. He not only never sought an office, but declined every one of any propositions which were made to him to accept office. In that respect he resembled Thurlow Weed, who, after having served two terms in the New York Legislature, decided never again to accept either elective or appointive office.

Thurlow Weed in many respects was the greatest politician editor this

country has ever seen. He was not an editor in the sense that he was paid to collect news of public interest from every quarter of the globe, but he was an editor who used his paper, the Albany Journal, for the purpose of aiding his party and his own political schemes.

Weed began as a politician. He had learned the printers' trade, and it was while he was a journeyman printer in Rochester that he was permitted to write paragraphs for the weekly newspaper published there. He got into politics unexpectedly. The people of Rochester wanted a charter for a State bank, and they knew it would require a pretty shrewd man and one of insatiable energy to secure this charter from the Legislature. Some one of the citizens had the inspiration to suggest Weed, and so the journeyman printer was sent to Albany to get that charter.

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## THE SENATORIAL HOODOO

## Is it a Political Superstition, or Fact?

## Senators do Not Step from the Chamber to the White House.

## Illustrations to Prove Roscoe Conkling's Idea.

Defeated Ambitions of Senators—"Unhealthy" Candidates—Reasons for the Obstacle—Lincoln's Shrewdness.

Contributed to The Times.

When Gov. David B. Hill of New York consented to accept the nomination of his party for the United States Senatorship, some persons who carry superstition into politics, declared that he had done something which would make it impossible for him to get the Presidency in 1892. Gov. Hill was himself told of this fact, which since the beginning has followed the aspirations of Senators to become President. He is, however, a man given to no superstitions, and he smiled when they told him that no man had ever stepped from the Senate chamber to the White House, excepting those who held the office of Vice-President, and were

promoted therefrom. Gov. Hill's friends in New York State believed in January, at the time of his election to the Senate, that his nomination for the Presidency was as sure as anything ever can be in a political future. He controlled the party in his State; it was unanimously in regular convention to name him as their candidate for the Presidency. In 1860 he had been chosen President. In 1860 he had been chosen President. In 1860 he had been chosen President.

Now, those who cherish this superstition of the Senate, think they see in the interruption to Gov. Hill's political career another proof that the Senate does not, and will not, furnish Presidents. They say that Gov. Hill had not been in the Senate a month before clouds began to arise; within three months that he was being buffeted by political storms, and in a little time he was found in his ambition and those of his friends for him wrecked in the Chicago convention. And one of the most prominent Democrats of New York, in speaking of the Senate, said: "The Senate is a hot-house of Presidential ambition. It is a place where a man can get his head so hot that he will do anything to get out of it."

In a speech which he made at the time of his election to the Senate, Gov. Hill said: "The Senate is a hot-house of Presidential ambition. It is a place where a man can get his head so hot that he will do anything to get out of it."

Gen. Logan, once chatting with a company of associates in the Senate, said to him that there was not a man who heard his voice except one who had served in the Confederate army who did not have a secret notion and a yearning hope that the Presidency might be his. "It is my opinion," he said, "that you will have to get out of the Senate first."

This remark led to some examination into history, and it was then found that the Senate had furnished Presidents in the past. Adams and Jefferson were in the Senate, but only as its pre-arranged candidates. Madison and Monroe went from the cabinet of their predecessors into the Presidential office. Andrew Jackson had been a member of the Senate, but it seems as though by that singular intuition which characterizes his political life he even in that early day well understood that he had the Presidency in mind and should not remain in the Senate chamber. He resigned his office to become President of the United States, and then awaited with serenity the summons to the White House, which he was sure would come.

Martin Van Buren had been a Senator, but he had also served after he held that office as Secretary of State, Minister to England and Vice-President. William Henry Harrison would probably have failed to receive the nomination for President in 1840 had he not at that time been a member of the Senate. He was in the Senate when he was elected President, and he was living in practical retirement, holding a petty office in Ohio when his party chose him. Polk was also practicing his profession in Nashville when he was elected President. Taylor was a planter in Louisiana. Franklin Pierce, beyond all question, would have been unthought of for the Presidential nomination had he not retired to private life some years before, when his term in the Senate was ended. James Buchanan had been a Senator, but he was called from his post as Minister to England to take the Presidency. Abraham Lincoln might have been chosen to fill the Presidential office, had he not been elected Senator in place of Lyman Trumbull, but he seems to have realized that the Senate was a deadly place for Presidential ambition, and he retired to private life. Grant never held elective office until chosen President. Hayes went from the Governorship of Ohio to the White House. Garfield was a member of the House when elected President. Cleveland was Governor of New York and Harrison had been out of the Senate a year when he was nominated for the Presidency.

That is the record and it shows that no man was ever chosen President from

the Senate chamber. And striking as this record is, it is less impressive than another which may well supplement it.

THE UNHEALTHY CANDIDATES. Up to the year 1824, with the exception of the election of 1800, the Presidential succession was pretty well indicated for months before the election. Thus every one knew that Madison would succeed Jefferson, and that Monroe would follow Madison. In 1824 the situation was such that it was a free field, and the Senate offered candidates. William Henry Crawford, one of the ablest and purest men ever went from the South to a seat in the Senate, was the most prominent candidate, and had been formally placed in nomination. Henry Clay, also a member of the Senate, had been made a candidate and so had Andrew Jackson. Then, there were three Senators standing before the people as candidates, while John Quincy Adams, not a member of the body, and believed by politicians of that day to be the weakest of candidates, and the one least likely to receive the election, secured the prize, although the people made no choice; the House of Representatives was compelled to elect. He who was seemingly the weakest candidate beat the Senators in the end.

In 1832 the Senate again furnished candidates. They were Hugh L. White of Tennessee, a man of splendid intellect and of such repute in his day that it seems now strange that his name should be forgotten; and John C. Calhoun, a man of great ability and of great influence. They were again beaten, although no surprise was expressed at the result, since Gen. Jackson's popularity had grown so great that his election was discounted even before the ballots were cast.

In 1840 the indications pointed to a victory for the Whig party at the National election. Therefore most earnest efforts were made to secure the nomination of his party for Henry Clay, then a member of the Senate, yet in spite of his popularity and the mighty enthusiasm into which the mention of his name threw a great many voters he was passed by. The convention refused to take a Senator, but they took in his place the clerk of a petty court in Ohio, Gen. Harrison, and made him President.

In 1844 Mr. Clay became a candidate, but the country then went to the private citizen Polk, permitting Clay to remain until death called him in the Senate chamber. In 1848, when his party was still left in the Senate, no Democrat of his generation had greater influence in the Senate than Lewis Cass, and when his party nominated him for the Presidency in 1848 it seemed to many of the shrewdest politicians in the country that his election was already assured. Yet Mr. Cass was passed by. The country would not take a President from the Senate.

In 1852 and again in 1856 and 1860 Stephen A. Douglas, who was the idol of the Northern Democracy, was a candidate for the Presidential nomination. Had he obtained it either in 1852 or 1856 then for the first time a Senator would have been chosen President. In 1860 he did secure such nomination, but this mystic rule seems still to apply, for he was defeated in the race by a humble lawyer of a prairie town.

Mr. Blaine was a member of the Senate in 1880, when he failed to secure the nomination, and when such nomination meant victory. He was out of the Senate in 1884 when he became a candidate, and was defeated by an avowed seceder. The change of 600 votes in New York State was all that stood between him and victory. Mr. Bayard was a candidate from the Senate against Cleveland, and John Sherman, perhaps the most conspicuous man of his party in the United States Senate, has furnished in the last four national conventions a strange illustration of this secret force which stands between a Senator and the Presidency.

Garfield's case seems to point all the more strongly to this fact because although he had been elected to the Senate when he was nominated for the Presidency, and was elected when he was elected President, yet he was never a member of the body. He had not been sworn in. He went from his seat in the House of Representatives to the White House, and he was elected President.

THE REASON FOR THIS OBSTACLE. Senator Conkling used, when speaking to his friends about the conditions which caused the Senate to breed unhealthy candidates for the Presidency, to say that there was nothing strange about this; that it was so, neither was there any superstitious or ominous association between a seat in the Senate and a defeated ambition for the Presidency. The Senate, he said, was a place where a man could get his head so hot that he would do anything to get out of it.

Senator Conkling used, when speaking to his friends about the conditions which caused the Senate to breed unhealthy candidates for the Presidency, to say that there was nothing strange about this; that it was so, neither





Ever since the Eagle was a little fledgling of few feathers and less sense, he has had fun with the political campaign. I remember when Fremont ran for President, and the birds were wont to live on the old world, or the United States part of it, with the cry of "Harrah for Fremont and Dayton!" Then came the time when dear old Uncle Abraham, the rail-splitter from Illinois, was on the ticket—when "Lincoln and Hamlin" was the shibboleth in every free State of the Union and the tramp of the torch-bearing Wide-Awake was heard in the land. How lively it was! How the flags fluttered and the anvils roared!

And it has always been lively, all the way down through Lincoln's second campaign; the rebellion-slasher, when Grant, the Republican parade with the "lancers" well in front; when Hayes of Ohio was pitted against the astute Tilden; when Arthur fielded the horse to a splendid victory; when Blaine made his gallant fight against the manipulators of figures in New York, and when the present President got in from the country of pumpkins and hoop-poles and defeated the fat fisherman who lives at Gray Gables. I say all these campaigns were full of vim, snap, life, vivacity and red paint; but this one!!

Well, this one beats the blooming world. There is no more life to it than there is to the chase for train-robbers up at Visalia, and what the politicians are thinking about makes the Eagle keep his quiver going day and night. Why! I presumed that after the game was made at Minneapolis and Chicago, I should be able to revel in the smell of torches and red fire, the zip of rockets, the spit of Roman candles, the resonance of brass-bands and the "Marching Through Georgia" as the boss tune, and the roar of cannon on the hill up yonder!

But instead, friends, Romans and political gladiators, what are you giving me! Just a button on a coat lapel, occasionally, a wrangle in a street car or on a street corner as to who is going to carry this State or some other State; a wall from a Weaver or a tongue-lashing from a Mrs. Lease—but nary a torch, nary a rocket, nary a yell for Benny, Grover, or even "Calamity Jim." What is the use of having campaigns if there can't be some life put into them?

That's what the Eagle bird wants to know, and if the rustlers can wake up long enough to reply, I'd like to hear from them.

The campaign of the scale-bug eradicator seems to be on, however, with blood in its eye, and the cohorts that Gen. Koebels has brought over from Australia are deploying to beat the world. A full brigade of *Oreus Chalybeius* marched in from Gospel Swamp yesterday and are now planning an attack on the yellow scale at Kercheval's farm. The brigade commander reports some little distress because his troops are not acclimated, but seems to think they can make Mr. Kercheval's favorite scale-bugs take to the "breath." A battalion of *Coccinellidae*, under the direction of Vice Commander Coccinelle, is moving around by the way of Redondo, to quell a coming a flank movement on a large command of black scale said to be strongly entrenched in Henry Gage's orchard at San Antonio. If these two bodies get mixed up in a set-to there will be fun on the San Gabriel, for the quillote knows no such thing as let up when it comes to a bug contest. Maj.-Gen. John Scott, horticultural officer by brevet, is in camp at Duarte with three battalions of *Chalcididae*, *Thalipocerus Coccophagus* and a battery of *Rhizophora*. There is a strongly defined rumor floating around his headquarters that he is preparing to strike the black scale at Chapman's orchard when he is drilling them every day, but the climate is said to be getting in its deadly work and there is some fear that the promised contest may not come off. Gen. Scott is somewhat hampered in his movements by the arrival of a brigade of *Oreus Australicus*, promised him as reinforcements by Commander-in-Chief Koebels, but will make a big try at Chapman's even with his present sickly command. The troops have just been brought in that Dobbin's has just been made a major-general of the bug troops, and is now in the field—wheat-field—just outside of San Gabriel with six companies of *D. W. Field*, for letters (on pins) and three full brigades of *Leis Conformis*, and that he will early tomorrow morning advance on Shorb's orchard under the mesa and engage any lingering white scales that may yet be bushwhacking in that vicinity. He will then deploy his command over the hills into Pasadena, come down the Arroyo Seco, tearing up the track of the Terminal road and get into town at Kaspar Cohn's ranch, where a bloody engagement with a large body of red scale, has been in progress there for some moons is surely expected. Gen. Dobbin's has had large experience as a bug fighter even while yet a civilian, and now that he is paragoned for fight he has behind him a command whose names strike terror to newspaper composers and proof-readers, he will doubtless do more damage to the enemies of his country than you can shake a stick at. Stirring news may be expected from Gen. Dobbin's bulletin at any hour, and the *Tam Tumb* bulletin board will be left out over night in order to catch the latest tidings from the very front of the fight. A large contingent of San Joaquin scale, said to be the very nastiest fighters in the biz, are ravishing the country around Vernon, and thirteen regiments of *Chalcidophorus Coccophagus*, with a band, are moving in that direction with an intent so dire that it is just dire. Commander-in-Chief Koebels will take the field with this body of troops in person, and if things down Vernon way don't get a hum on the scale, the Eagle will be surprised. Commander Koebels has brought these

Resolute bug-fighters over here and guarantee to wipe out the last lingering scale bug on the slopes or no questions asked. As he is an old campaigner, decorated with thousands of scars received in various kinds of bug fights in the past, and as he now has a command that is recognized in the most stupendous and appalling style, there is no reason in the Lord's world, that the Eagle can think of why he shouldn't have victory perching on his banners with both feet.

Now let the fight go on, and by the Eagle's halldome and pin feathers as well, may the battle be to the bugs or the bug-eaters that are fittest to live!

Say, there! I'm Grover C. And I reckon it is Time to write Another letter to somebody. But that that Dava Hill, Why Didn't he sail his old Galcon Up here by Gray Gables And Quit a kickin'! Don't Dave know That said To Bill Waitney For to say To them Tammany Tigers they Could just Let it go to earth, But I must Have their votes, Coz I want New York And About now, Talk about fish! I ain't fishing any, I am just looting Around Bay, trying to Catch a fish. Quiet so's I can write a Letter to Ralph Hoyt. Or some other Cuss That will Make the eyes Of the "Hull" U. S. Just bulge out. If I could, I'd Keep those jilt papers In England from a Whoopie of me up I have got a show To win again, That fool fellow Murchison Out at Pomona, Where they haven't much But to do, Can't do me up A second time! But that the crops— They are turning Out to beat Anything since The war. And they make Me shudder. Then Adlai, he had To go and get Full And raise—on The Washab—Also on his Watch—and between Things I wish Things wasn't a Cussed Thing in the world to do But stay Right out here With little Ruth And Just shh!

THE EAGLE.

THE COURTS.

Two Divorce Suits Filed—Assault Case on Trial—Fatal Case.

Suits for divorce upon various grounds have been commenced by William P. Meredith against Mrs. Wethia P. Meredith, and George Grimmering against Mrs. Mary L. Grimmering.

Suit was commenced in the United States Circuit Court yesterday by the Southern Pacific Company to eject W. P. Bennett and others from 320 acres of land in San Bernardino county, being the E. of sec. 1, T. 8 S., R. 7 W. In the Township Court yesterday Charles Doane of Downey appeared before Justice Stanton for examination upon the charge of having assaulted D. C. Lewis, Jr., a native of Texas, 30 years of age, a resident of Downey, for letters warrant his being held to answer, the case was dismissed and the defendant rearrested upon the charge of having disturbed the peace. He was placed under bonds in the sum of \$200 to insure his appearance for trial on Friday next.

New Suits.

Among the documents filed with the County Clerk yesterday were the preliminary papers in the following new cases:

Santa Monica Wharf and Terminal Railway Company vs. Edward Chaffey; suit to recover possession of certain books, papers and stamp seal, or for \$1000, the value thereof.

Judson & Hester vs. A. P. Pierce; suit to recover \$600 alleged to be due as damages for loss of a horse.

Thomas Cox vs. William Rapp; suit to recover \$100 damages, alleged to have been sustained by reason of the obstruction of plaintiff's passage over a certain road.

Theresa Schurter vs. L. D. Rogers; suit to recover possession of certain goods and chattels alleged to have been illegally attached, or for \$700, the value thereof, and \$800 damages.

Petition of D. W. Field, for letters of administration to the estate of John J. O'Shea, deceased, who died on August 11 last leaving personal property valued at \$1000.

Marriage Licenses were issued at the County Clerk's office yesterday to the following persons:

George Wallis, a native of New York, 28 years of age, to Mrs. Sara Bellwood, a native of Texas, 30 years of age, both residents of Covina.

Arthur M. Cleveland, a native of England, 34 years of age, to Clara J. Dent, a native of California, 20 years of age; both residents of this city.

D. Bell, a native of Maryland, 34 years of age, to C. G. McNutt, a native of New York, 26 years of age; both residents of Monrovia.

The Supervisors.

At the meeting of the Board of Supervisors yesterday the County Auditor was allowed five deputies until September 1 next for the purpose of segregating and compiling the school district valuations.

Deeds were received from L. K. Rayburn and others for a strip of land for a road in the Arasta Cañon, and after the same had been recorded the road was duly declared a public highway.

Hong Lee's Closing-out Sale.

Chinese, Japanese and fancy goods, and all kinds of silk dress patterns and embroidered goods, and ladies' underwear made to order, 26 North Main street, opposite the post-office, Station C.

## GOWNS OF GIRLS.

Dress at a Great English Coast Resort.

The Gay Promenade and What is Worn There.

America Sets an Occasional Fashion for the English.

Girls Dressed Like Hummers—A Stunning Gown of Electric Blue Wool—The Princess Marie's Dinner Gown.

SCARBOROUGH (England), Aug. 1.—[Special Correspondence of THE TIMES.] Greenward of old Yorkshire! Airs fine as wine! Gayest dress of London, and out yonder the northern coast, storming angrily at ragged rocks! It is the Newport of the North, where the sun stays a long day above the horizon and leaves an almost endless twilight lingering behind.

Here on this wild coast, where Odin rules; where fierce winds blow and thunder hammers beats ceaselessly and all the sea gods dwell, here is a sheltered bay, a little basin set apart by the gods for men; where there are peace and beauty and gentle breezes. This is Scarborough, and here in August, to frolic or to frivo, as the latest word has it, merrie England comes.

The English lay out their summer gowns in successive installments, each with a different subject, like a series of magazine articles on a science. They begin with the Derby races, then comes Ascot, the Henley regatta follows, next is the yachting at Cowes, then Scarborough, and Scotland makes the wind-up in the fall. It is a good-natured merry-go-round, in which the socially high and low all mingle more freely than with us, or so it appears to me, and England seems one great picnic ground the summer through.

A large part of the picnic is enjoyed now at Scarborough and forms a most picturesque tableau. Here bands are forever playing, horsemen and horsewomen are forever galloping to and fro; happy feet are forever dancing in the twilight; all sorts of fêtes crowding each other's heels. But on Sunday there is quiet, and the wild horsemen and horsewomen, and the playing band, and the dancing feet, take themselves more or less reverently up the rocky paths to where towers aloft the ancient church of St. Mary's, to make their vows, or to pray for the Norse gods are listening wonderingly outside.

RESTRAPPED LIKE HUMMERS.

The summer gown seems to have crystallized into a clinging, seamless garment strapped about the figure, Greek-like, though not affected so. Thus a black crape is seen in the accompanying picture, with narrow ribbon crossed back and front over the shoulders and wound about the waist. Everything not in the utility way is thus wound with ribbons, till even mummified Cleopatra in her case in the British Museum is hardly more bestrapped than is the living British maiden.

WHITE IS FASHIONABLE.

The empire tendency has developed furthest in evening gowns, as is well illustrated by an exquisite dress worn in the ballroom of the Grand Hotel. This dress is in one piece, hanging from the shoulders, and is confined elegantly to the figure by a wide sash wound about the bust. It is of satin, with cream ground reseda and pink flowered. The sleeves are of velvet and the sash ribbon sash is reseda on the back and pink on the other. Monsieur Worth was wrong when he last spring prophesied a speedy return to long waists and bouffant skirts. His efforts since last autumn have been to make the skirt, and the approach to Capri, and I thought of T. Buchanan Reed's "Drifting," and of Longfellow's "Amalfi," and with the latter poet I would say that the sight of Catalina recalled his words, and caused me to acknowledge that with the beautiful scene before me arose thoughts of Italy:

"Come this vision unto me Of long-lost paradise In the land beyond the sea."

Only Catalina is larger than Capri, and in the grandeur of its scenery is more like Sardinia. There is, therefore, no need of going to the old world to behold beautiful and grand scenery. It is right here at hand, and I was glad to see that so many thousands (I do not exaggerate) who now are living in comfortable hotels or camping in tents on the hillside in and around Avalon appreciate this great gift of a quiet place for rest, recreation and innocent amusement. I hope that those who wish to visit Italian islands without the cost of crossing the ocean would try Catalina.

I thought of the vast contrast in the means of getting to and from Catalina and Capri. For a one-horse steamer of 150 tons you must pay \$2 from Naples to Capri and return. But this is not all. The steamer goes up to no wharf, it anchors 200 yards from shore and you must embark and disembark in a little shaky row-boat at Naples and Capri, and pay a time, so that the cost is greatly increased. Compare this for a moment with stepping from a wharf at San Pedro on such a magnificent steamer as the *Hermosa*, and then, at Avalon landing, on a similar solid place, greeted by hundreds of terrors and boarders. Those who have known Avalon a year or two ago would not know it now, such have been the great improvements and accommodations brought about by the present proprietors of Catalina.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY is the best made for colds, croup and whooping cough. Fifty-cent bottles for sale by John Mackintosh & Son, druggists, 30 North Main street.

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CHEESE, Roquefort, Swiss, etc. Stephens

green, which appeared in Paris and New York very early in the spring, have not been seen in England at all. As late as July one of the London fashion papers noted, the combination as a curious French novelty.

Here in Scarborough all colors go. Violet, so long popular, is perhaps on the wane, though I have seen a charming costume in which it figures. This dress is black skirt, flowered with violets. Its sole ornament is a velvet belt, straight in front and pointed in the back, with a six-inch rosette of velvet set just at the edge of the lower point, where the least of the short center. The wrap with this is a short cape of deepest purple velvet, gathered full into a shoulder yoke and lined with pale violet. The yoke is bordered with a twist of the two tints. Black hat and violet trimming.

AND BACHS-CONE.

CATALINA AND CAPRI.

Resemblances Between the Californian and Italian Isles.

The Journey from Naples to Garibaldi's Birthplace—Over the "Summer Sea" to the Island of Catalina.

Contributed to THE TIMES.

I have been constantly surprised at the resemblance between the main land of Southern California and the mainland of Southern Italy, and have more than once said so in my correspondence with journals in Europe and New York.

The same mingling of mountain and plain, the same picturesque seacoast, the same cultivated slopes, the grape, the olive, the peach, the apricot, the lemon, orange, eucalyptus, pepper trees, palms, roses, geraniums, etc., etc., and above all, there is the same glorious climate. Southern Italy is sought in the winter time by Americans, English, Germans and Russians for its genial climate, and if it had not a single classic association connected with Greece, Southern Italy, especially Southern Italy, would still be a pilgrimage for all who love nature.

One attractive feature of the kingdom of united Italy is to be found in the islands which loom up from her blue waters. There are, in the center of the dreary sea, but as a general thing we only hear of Sicily, Sardinia, Elba, the Lipari, and Capri; and, curiously enough, as the American traveler on a Mediterranean steamer draws near the coast, he has been in California, recognizes in them a strong resemblance to the many islands in our Pacific waters.

Perhaps the most visited of the Italian islands is Capri, the resort of the artists and the place where people go to have a good time in summer and winter. Capri is just eighteen miles south of Naples—in fact, forms a part of the shore-line of the world-famous Bay of Naples. Let no one confound it with the island of Capri—Garibaldi's last home and burial-place—which is situated between Corsica and Sardinia.

Now, what I wish particularly to call attention to is the resemblance between the Italian Capri and our own Californian Catalina. Both are mountainous, picturesque, enjoying an enviable climate, and are resorts where the world seems shut out and the faded spirit revivified. In short, the resemblance between the absence of railways, telegraphs, electric cars and the incessant hum of traffic.

As last week I steamed in the *Hermosa* to visit the summer seat of San Pedro to Catalina, the above thoughts came to me when I looked at the picturesque, broken shores and the mountain tops of Catalina glorified by the setting sun. I was reminded of the Bay of Naples and the approach to Capri, and I thought of T. Buchanan Reed's "Drifting," and of Longfellow's "Amalfi," and with the latter poet I would say that the sight of Catalina recalled his words, and caused me to acknowledge that with the beautiful scene before me arose thoughts of Italy:

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The Tabor Carriage Works! 135 & 137 W. Fifth-st. Bet. Main and Spring-sts. What was formerly J. U. Tabor's Carriage Works is now incorporated as "The Tabor Carriage Works," Mr. J. U. Tabor remaining as president and general manager and Mr. F. P. Frost, recently from Greeley, Colo., being secretary and treasurer of the new company. Having put in additional help we are able to do

All Kinds of Repairing and Painting! In the business with promptness and dispatch. All work will be first-class. We will have in a short time a stock of

New Made-up Work in the White! And purchasers may see the quality of the article they are buying and have it painted and finished to order. We shall handle new but we want the old ones that we can warrant. We have a new rig will do well to see us and inspect our work. Owing to our increased force of workmen we are now able to wait on our customers more promptly, so they will not be without their vehicles longer than is absolutely necessary. The patronage of the public is solicited.

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OFFERED by the Southern California Land Company, 23 North Main Street, adjoining First National Bank. 16-0 Shares at \$100 Each, in installments of \$5.00 per month without interest. Not a Land Distribution, but an Investment of Money. Each share will earn a 10 per cent. per month on each \$100 for five years, and has the best real estate security. See prospectus at office.

We are collecting subscriptions for shares in an incorporation to be organized for the purpose of buying from the present owners the Fowler Ranch, containing 65,200 acres, situated on the border line of Tulare and Kern counties, for \$5 per acre, four million dollars of the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railroad, and four miles north of the Fowler Ranch. We also have the best solid and sectional Wooded Mills, Steel Works, Tanks, Pumps, etc., etc., for sale. We have a complete well and wind mill job. We give more for the money than any firm in our line. Let us agree with you.

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made or unfinished. And what a monument of patience it is, and of painstaking. It was not made in a day, nor in the life of an ordinary man. It took centuries on centuries to grind with mighty glaciers and furrow with rushing streams and stir up with volcanic forces and lay the well-defined strata of rock-ribbed heights. Yet men get out of patience sometimes, because they cannot realize all they hope for in a moment when the grandest lesson that nature teaches is to work and wait.

The processes by which all great things are accomplished are slow, but steady and unresting. I learn that sometimes it takes a century to make when I study the mighty volume of nature, some new page of which I like to turn every day to get a glimpse at least of the wonders which it holds. I wish men did not go through the world as senseless witless, and blind to the beauty and deaf to the unfulfilling wisdom about them. These "sermons in stones and running brooks," how few heed them.

I wish that sweet and lovely woman would not indulge in the practice of chewing gum in public. The habit conflicts with the admiration and respect which I have always entertained for

cultivated women. When one of the girls, who had been in the last week, and as the cable car halted on the corner of First and Spring streets some half dozen of the nicely dressed ladies were waiting for them. They were all looking at the girls, and when she was chewing her cud and vigorously as the patient cow, which I saw standing in the cool shadows of her pasture as I passed in the morning, the girls would say, "See, that's the way if you would only see the appearance that you present with each pretty mouth as active as a grist mill, you would not enter a street car, and you would not have to be indulged in the luxury of chewing gum; you would do it at home in the seclusion of your own chambers."

I was out over the kite-shaped tract one day last week, and the numbers of pretty places, as you approach the mountains in the vicinity of Highland Park, were always increasing. Wonderful attractive are the sheltered nooks that open out amid the hills, and green and promising are the slopes that lead down to the water. These high points are a veritable gar-

I like a man who, if he has no money, is not afraid of good, honest work. A man who is not scheming and is afraid of, or looks with scorn on, honest labor, is a sort of a man that the public may well beware of. In the world of drudgery, the worst of all is the man who, though he would keep up an aristocratic appearance, but is without wealth and without business, and depends wholly upon his chance to get rich, to come. I met a woman the other day with toll-hardened hands, but a woman of culture and noble aspirations and she said to me, "I don't mind about my drudging, but the work that I have to do is a necessity. We were well-to-do, but my husband's health broke down, and now we are poor, but I do not complain. We are poor, for we have each other and have two of the best children that God

I am glad to hear that the inmates of the Whittier State School have been forgotten by the movement philanthropists. I understand that through the efforts of some of the socialists at San Quentin, have been added to the library of the institution.

There is no woman in a large library as the school should have. Something in California should do something in the way of providing a library for the inmates of the state penitentiaries. The books should be added to what they

ready have. By "good books" I do mean purely religious books, but books as well, of travel, history, and of natural science, etc.; anything that will tend to broaden the intellectually and help to relieve their leisure hours. The money is considered, and we never can fall of finding somewhat of it in books of the right sort. Look over your libraries, good people of Louisiana, and let me know and see what you can spare these books from your own shelves, and then go to your pockets and see if you cannot spare some of the money to buy the chase books for the almost entire expense of the State school at Whitte.

THE SAUNTERER

Advertising by Squashes.


A correspondent of Country Gentleman advised growers to trace the name upon the top of their squashes to the name of the grower. A slender pocket-knife, and as the cutricles enlarge with the growth of the squash the name will make a hole in the cutricles, and the grower's name will appear.

tracing was not very artistically done. This will help the owner to dispose of his productions to better advantage because those who buy them are sure they will search for more with the same name upon them—a cheap way for a farmer to advertise.

From one vine J. E. Kollar, a ten-pound, picked 611 pounds of squash. A large lot of the vegetables weighed eighty-six pounds. He was somewhat "taken back" when he learned that raise watermelons here which weigh over 100 pounds each and that California has a squash record of 100 pounds.—[Ontario Observer.



=business one-third larger than one year ago"

 if you buy any goods in this house and feel dissatisfied with your purchase, bring them back in a good merchantable condition and get your money.

— "the cloak department equal in sales to the combined sales of all the cloak houses in the city.

"113-115 north spring street."

- a new line of black and colored silk skirts; the finest goods ever offered in this city; something new and very desirable.
- Monday at 9 o'clock we will make a special sale of new winter jackets just arrived at \$10.00—it is done to get you interested in our mammoth cloak department—sales quadrupling over a year ago—there will be a crowd.

“a fellow came  
out..?”

—it is in the confidence you have in the house you are dealing with—very few, even in business, are good judges of value—when one merchant says he can buy goods cheaper than another, he is given to brag—no one merchant can be thoroughly posted on every article; no one merchant can take a deep interest in every department—some men like one department and some another—it is a question of taste and a question of good judgment in buying goods; it is confidence—styles in dry goods change from one to four times a year—goods may be worth a dollar today, and in sixty days only 50c; for that reason it is better for the consumer to rely somewhat upon the judgment and candor of the salespeople in a house, and as we make it a strict rule to refund money on any and all goods not perfectly satisfactory, it makes the salespeople very careful in their representation of everything they sell—a traveling man was extolling the good qualities of a man a few days ago that he wanted to get in this house as a salesman—among the other recommendations he was the slickest liar he had ever seen—he said he could make a customer think black was white—this man never missed a sale as he had a way to get around every obstacle—here was a traveling man trying to sell this house goods recommending a man for his capabilities of being a first-class liar—he was not employed, and no goods were bought from the traveling man—every article is bought and marked and inspected by the proprietor; salespeople have nothing to do with the price or the cost; the goods are put into stock to be sold; it is their duty to treat every person that crosses the threshold with perfect politeness, and to look upon them as desirable customers; it makes no difference as to their politics, religion or birth; they are patrons of the house whether they wish to purchase or not; very often the poorest dressed people buy the largest bills, and their patronage is upon an equality with the millionaire—it is not a question whether they are competing merchants or not; the only point aimed at is we want you when you leave the house feel that you have been well served and well treated—we want your respect—if other merchants want samples they can have them as many and as often as they desire—there is nothing to be gained by being narrow minded—it is a weakness that should never enter into business—other merchants are not denied the privilege of buying at special sales; they are made for the general public and everybody is welcome—the business of this house is being conducted upon the broadest and most liberal basis—the employees are treated like men and women, and they certainly appreciate it; they are granted every liberty consistent with good business management, and a more happy and contented lot you never saw—they receive encouragement when they deserve it—good sales receive the proper recognition, and there is no business in this city that is showing the gains we are now making—it has been steadily increasing for the past year, and the July trade was the largest ever done by this house for the same month—there must be a reason for all this, and we certainly feel that this is largely brought about by the good sense and good judgment displayed by every employee in this house in their treatment of the public—they certainly try hard enough and are deserving of every word we say—we claim there never was a better lot of employees, take them as a whole, than we now have in this house—they are all cheerful, pleasant and painstaking, and endeavor as far as possible to tell the truth in selling goods—there is nothing to be gained, but everything to lose by deceit and lying.

to los angeles from a little town in iowa where he was born and raised; he had never been away from home and, as could be expected, he was terribly homesick, and besides he was a chronic kicker; he particularly kicked against the evenness of the climate and sighed for an Iowa climate; he liked the change, thought it was invigorating, and was sure to go back in another season—he poured this rone into every one's ears finding fault with everything and everybody until he got tired of saying that he could have almost any kind of a climate here he wanted—well, he would like to see it, nothing would suit him better—so matters were arranged to give him all the changes he wanted in forty-eight hours—the understanding was that he was not to grumble or complain, but take his medicine like a man—the next morning he was taken down to the water tank and told to stand there with his hands and feet on the ice for half a day, and when he got out he was shivering like a dog that had made a breakfast on a box of tacks; from there he was taken out and walked around in the sun for a few minutes for a change, and from there he went to the cable power-house and down into the engine-room where it was hot enough to boil lobsters; here he was kept for about two days, and then he was taken to the mountains where there were a good many changes in an Iowa climate in a day, but he had not seen a good Iowa rain yet, but the day was not over—an Iowa rain he should have; so they took the cars and down to redondo they went; before they arrived at their destination the fog began to come inland; his friend remarked this, but the man said he would fool him on the rain, advising him to wait until the next day, and then the kick started for redondo, but was sure he had the cinch on him about the rain; after arriving at redondo they walked along the beach, then up the broad cement walkway down to the bathhouses and began an inspection, first in one passage then another; finally they began to look through the rooms, and the friend got the Iowa kicker to step inside of one room to see a new patent door which the inventor claimed was superior to all others made; and about this time the door closed and the handle that pulled the valve open in the shower bathroom was given a wide latitude; here the fellow was dressed up in his nice sundan suit, silk hat and blacked boots and the water coming down in torrents; he began to kick, then coaxed, and finally said he guessed they had a good many changes in california, and that he was ready to go back to iowa; the inventor who was present was advised to send for his umbrella as he was sure to need it—he believes now, as all sensible men should, there is no place like californi—aanything can be manufactured to order here on short notice.

**"we offer a fine line of  
crepon effects..?"**

—the weather is cool and invigorating.

- ladies silk parasols, 22-inch, for \$1.00; 24-inch for \$1.25.
- all have metal handles and are as well made as the high priced goods.
- ladies' fine leather hand bags, \$1.00; ladies' hand satchels, \$1.00.

—in all-wool dress goods for

**50c**

—a fine line of all-wool serges for 60c, 75c and \$1.00—over 200 different styles in all-wool black dress goods: our black goods stock is the largest and finest we have ever carried—black dress goods worth \$1.25 and \$1.50, Monday for \$1.00—black sicilians, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00—a few special makes in this class of goods that are very cheap.

**“enormous sale of bath towels..?”**

100 doz. extra heavy bath towels.....	8½c
50 doz. extra heavy bath towels.....	10c, 12½c, 15c

—our 25c bath towel is the best ever offered in America for the price; we have been selling the same towel for 50c each; Monday they go at 25c each—at 18c we show a hummer; a regular 25c quality at 8½c—we sell a regular 20c quality—come to our big sale of bath towels—nearly every one takes a bath at least once a year, and this is the first sale of bath towels we have had in a year and it will be a big one.

**“a full line of all-wool,  
satin-lined...?”**  
—jackets for  
**\$10.00 each!**

In this city who's a great linguist; he swears in chinese, stutters in french, talks with the hired girl in swede, makes love to another girl in german, plays the piano in italian and goes to church in english; he dances the highland fling in scotch, eats potatoes with the irish, brogue and has a good time with the danes, and a better one with the germans. When he gets mad at his wife he talks turkey to her; from the kind of wine he drinks he must be from kentucky; he brags like a texan and has the shrewdness of a vermonteer; he acts boston baked beans and connecticut clams, and hampshire pork chops. He is a very successful lawyer—this fellow is so familiar; the number 13 exists as a boomerang.

It comes to friday it is a very unlucky day; he is afraid to go on a street car on friday; he always sees the moon over his right shoulder, always picks up a pin if the point is in a certain direction; he knows all the signs of the zodiac and some of the weather. He can tell you how to plant potatoes; can tell when it will rain and when to expect a drought, and with all this remarkable knowledge he is as poor as a church mouse —a man would naturally think a fellow like this would be a millionaire —he may be rich, but he doesn't know it. He never says "to live or not to live"—he is a socialist by nature—he has lost just one wheel out of his rigging. He is like an old clock, it may run, but it won't keep-time—how many men do you meet in a lifetime that are always looking for luck and never find it?—they're right!—if you don't get it, why don't you stop trying to back it up; you may lose your money in louisiana lottery ticket business, and when you go over the river you have wasted your own life as a gambler—there is no luck without work; a man must build up his business on sound principles, do as he agrees and do it willingly and cheerfully—the trade of a gambler almost doubling over one year ago; there is no luck about this, it is work—

—worth everywhere, \$20.00—monday all day—all sizes; a great bargain—we have set out to control the cloak trade of this city; we ask a special examination of this line of clay worsted; everybody knows what a clay worsted is; they are perfect in color and there is nothing better for wear.

**"we have 150 boys' suits..?"**  
—still on hand, worth from \$5.00 to \$12.00 a suit—monday at  
the entire lot will be offered for  
**\$2.50 per suit!**

—selling more cloaks than all the other houses put together.

—monday, in the shoe department, to every purchaser of \$3.00 worth of shoes, we present a handsome down cushion, size 16x16, made from silkalene, and all have a ruffled edge—we are closing out the shoe department to enlarge the cloak department.

**“monday at 9 o'clock we offer  
100 new..?”**

—winter garments at

\$5.00 each!

—guaranteed worth \$10.00; they have never been shown in this city—  
they are worth \$10.00; they will be sold for \$5.00; all sizes from 32 to  
44—new goods, new styles, not in the house to exceed six days—you get  
the benefit of the cut price—fur trimmed.

**“another one of our cloak sales..?”**

—will occur monday at 9 o'clock—we will sell all-wool cloaks as low as

\$3.00

—with all sizes to select from—it is our determination to again double the cloak trade this fall—wednesday morning the carpenters will be at work enlarging the cloak room to double its present size—remember all-wool cloaks in all sizes. \$8.00.

**“another monster sale of  
500 cloaks..?”**

—worth \$10.00, worth \$12.00; choice of over 500 garments for

**\$5.00 each!**

—all sizes from 32 to 44—come monday at 9 o'clock and be prepared to see the greatest cloak sale of modern times—you know by this time the cloak department offers inducements that draws the crowds.

—to emphasize the fact we are going out of the shoe business—we will present to every purchaser of \$1.00 worth of shoes, a very handsome down cushion, 16x16 inch square, and is the same cushion we sold at special sale for \$1.00—they are worth \$1.75 at the very lowest—carpenters will be at work this week enlarging the clothing department, and we are anxious to close the shoe department—we have no place to put the shoes only on table going entirely out of shoes.

**'we have 150 boys' suits..?**  
—still on hand, worth from \$5.00 to \$12.00 a suit—monday at 9 o'clock  
the entire lot will be offered for

**\$2.50 per suit!**  
—this department will be closed at once—all first-class styles; all good goods.

—shawl wraps.....	25c
—handbags.....	\$1.00
—chatelaine bags.....	25c
—hand satchels.....	\$1.00
—gold-plated pins.....	25c
—ladies' fruit-of-the-loom muslin drawers.....	25c
—ladies' fruit-of-the-loom muslin chemise.....	25c
—a nice serviceable corset.....	5c
—an extra fine coat.....	75c
—royal worcester corset.....	\$1.00
—pocketbooks and purses.....	25c and 50c

—all of the above are of special value and cannot be duplicated elsewhere for the money.

-we can say with confidence that the line of all-wool dress goods now on sale has no equal in this city under a dollar a yard; there is no exaggeration; no misstatement on this point; they are worth a dollar a yard, but why not sell them for a dollar—they are offered as such advertisement—we are making the effort to double sales in the dress goods department, and we are going at it in the right way—sales are largely increasing of a year ago—all-wool henriettas 55¢; worth 85¢; and given for comparison.













I've been down to the seashore  
And this is what I found—  
Girls and girls and girls!  
But there were no men around.

There's the riding girl and the fencing girl,  
And the girl who's fond of walking;  
There's the bicycle girl and the tricycle girl,  
And the girl who's forever talking.

There's the athletic girl and the aesthetic girl,  
The one with the auburn hair;  
There's the huffy girl and the fluffy girl,  
That would drive men to despair.

There's the girl in pink, there's the girl in blue,  
There's the girl with the red umbrella;  
There's the daisy dear and Annette, the coquette,  
There's Susan and Arabella.

There's the Kodak friend and the flirting friend,  
And the friend who loves to recite;  
There's the painting friend and the fainting friend,  
And the friend of woman's right.

There's the student with glasses astride her nose,  
There's also the careworn teacher;  
There's Mrs. Fry with inquisitive eye  
And there's the petticoat preacher.

There's mamma, too, and her pompous style,  
With daughters as many as five;  
They dress themselves six times a day  
And each evening take a drive.

There's the tennis girl and the coaching girl,  
And there's many and many another;  
There's the girl who's a sister, the girl who's a friend,  
But where, oh! where is her brother?

And the winds they asked it of the waves,  
The waves took up the murmur;  
And the rustling leaves echoed the cry—  
Where are men this summer-r-r-r?

Society is at present swimming at Catalina, bathing in Long Beach, yachting on the Pacific, playing polo at Santa Monica, lounging at Redondo or Coronado, fishing and hunting in the mountains, or enjoying some other form of summer dissipation.

Fully 8000 of its representatives are at Catalina, camping under white tents or crowding the hotels and boarding-houses. Of cottages there are few, and those few are well filled. The bannings, babies and nurse girls occupy two of these, and four others (of two rooms each) rent at \$40 per month. There are no others except three or four which are occupied by their owners. Tents accommodating two people rent at \$80 per month. The tent itself probably cost \$40. The furnishings are limited to a couple of cots, a dry goods box for a table and a pair of indifferent chairs. The owner of the tent is making money and the occupants are enjoying an outing. Some tents owned and occupied by private individuals are put up on an elaborate scale. One has three compartments and is entirely surrounded by a porch, covered with canvas. It is built up on a platform so high above the ground that the idea of dust and creeping things, such as are the torment of camp life, is entirely done away with.

Every evening there is a dance and promenade concert at the big pavilion which Hancock Banning has put up, designing it as an annex to the big hotel he intends building next season.

Several little steamer yachts are in constant attendance to convey guests to points of interest about the island, and not a day passes but some white-winged yacht anchors in the harbor with its merry crew of pleasure-seekers. J. Fred Blake is posing as the Ward McAllister of island society, with Ben Benjamin as first assistant. The belle of the island is pointed out as a begonia, red-checked (in fact her face is the rule at Avalon) girl who favors pink gowns and white caps and is too corpulent to be a graceful dancer. A spry little Southern doctor is in the social swim and, in spite of his well-known reputation for fierce whiskers and somewhat diminutive size, appears to be a popular beau.

Between the hours of 10 and noon the still waters of the bay are lashed into a fury by the frantic efforts of amateur swimmers, male and female. The ladies' bathing suits are, in the majority, pretty, modest and neat, while the gentlemen's attire is noted chiefly for its brevity. Possibly the suits have shrunk from contact with the water; anyway, most of them would bear lengthening without damage to the costume or its wearer's appearance. The bathing is promiscuous, men, women, children and dogs joining the mermaid cavalcade.

One young man is the cynosure of all eyes as he leaps from the spring-board, turns a double somersault and splashes into the briny deep, clad in a suit of dazzling scarlet, which extends from neck to ankles. He is the ideal of an aquatic prize-fighter in his gorgeous bathing costume.

The gleam of white canvas tents is seen in every nook and cove of the island, and those who prefer seclusion pitching their tents in some convenient niche along the rocky shores. Down at White's Landing the Davises, father, son and daughter, with Bev. Dr. Campbell and family are camped. Dr. and Mrs. S. S. Salisbury and family pitched their tent last Friday on the ridge back of Hotel Metropole and not far away. Near the Y.M.C.A. colony is located the trio of teachers, Misses M. A. Huston, Olmstead and Dickson, who yearly tent there.

Rev. Dr. Eli Fay and wife are in a cozy cottage on a hill, where they have been since the 7th of June.

Miss Margaret Huston of Figueroa street, who has been the guest of Dr. Royer's family for the past two weeks, returned home on Friday's steamer. The Formans and Caswells also came over on the Hermosa Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Thomas, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Beale, formerly of Minneapolis, but recently of Pasadena, spent several days at the island last week.

Mrs. H. Sinsbaugh of Loma Drive and her son, George Sinsbaugh, are spending a few days at the Grand View House, whose grand view of the bay and the town out-looks that of all other hotels or boarding-houses on the island.

Mrs. Carr of West Adams street and her son and daughter, Miss Kate Carr and Master Carl Tufts, are tenting on the island, and Prof. and Mrs. Brown of

Belmont Hall have taken a tent for a week or more.

AT THE SEASHORE.

The amusements are so varied, the weeks are so full, that time goes like a dream at Hotel Arcadia. There was a jolly party made up for the Mandeville Cañon on Friday. In the evening those who did not play cards or stroll in the moonlight visited the fair.

Judge Lacy, a banker from Tucson, has rooms at Hotel Arcadia. J. E. Reuss, A. B. Reuss and R. B. Reuss arrived at the hotel on Friday from Redlands.

William Hood, wife and child, from San Francisco are at the hotel. Mr. Hood is a leading lawyer of Tucson, was at the hotel on Friday. He has been a frequent visitor there this season.

Dr. George C. Pardee, the celebrated oculist from Oakland, with his wife and lovely child are guests at the hotel.

There has been a large number of surf bathers this week and the demand for surf boards is increasing as appreciation of the sport grows.

The polo games are becoming more popular every week.

ON THURSDAY EVENING last the second annual dinner of the University of California Club of this city was held at the club's café, and was a thoroughly enjoyable and successful affair. About a year ago the resident graduates and former students of the State University organized themselves into a club with the above name. It was the purpose of the founders to form an organization which would be the means of bringing together the college men who were all graduates of Berkeley as their Alma Mater, thereby keeping alive the memories of college days as well as rendering what practical service and assistance they might to the State University.

Among those present were the following: H. W. O'Melveny, '70; F. M. Kelsey, '80; James K. Moffitt, '86; W. J. Varie, '87; Harry H. Mayberry, '89; Dr. D. W. Edelman, '89; Dr. D. W. Edelman, '90; F. E. Rich, '90; R. Hewitt, '90; Charles L. Turner, '92; Robert S. Norris, '92; Fred O. Johnson, '95; E. E. Powers, Hastings Law School, '86; Edward North, Hastings, '86; and Clayton B. Wilson, Hastings.

The jolly banqueters fell to and discussed the fine repast which Jerry Illich, the caterer, had provided for the occasion, with all the gusto characteristic of college men. Around the table many a story was told of the life and lived over, while at intervals the merry college songs were sung with the life and energy of other days. The college yell, too, was given with a will, as the old-time came-rush and midnight foray.

The dinner over, President O'Melveny announced that speech-making was in order and that the "feast of reason" would begin. He congratulated the members upon the success of the club during the past year, and referring to the great degree of prosperity which the University enjoys, he gave many proofs of the high rank which she now holds among the first universities of the world.

His most particular allusions were directed to the high standard of scholarship which is maintained by the officers of the institution to which the student must attain, and regretted the manner in which the University in our State adheres to an equally high standard.

The following toasts were then proposed and responded to:

"The law," E. E. Powers, '86.  
"The medical profession," Dr. Edelman, '92.  
"The faculty," James K. Moffitt, '86.  
"Our Alma Mater," W. J. Varie, '87.

This part of the exercises was marked with continued displays of patriotic enthusiasm, and the patriotic songs were sung with the fervor of the occasion.

The club resolved that hereafter the annual dinner should be held on the anniversary of the granting of the charter to the University, the 28th of March.

All hands were then joined around the board and the evening festivities were concluded with "Auld Lang Syne."

A TALLY-HO PARTY.

A delightful tally-ho ride was last Thursday evening enjoyed by about seventeen young people, who drove to Mr. Blake's residence, at Glendale.

There they were met by the host and hostess and a party of Glendale young people who had been invited to join them. Watermelon and fruit were served. Mrs. Gleason played the piano and Miss Fiske the piano for the pleasure of the party, who reluctantly started for home after the moon rose—the moonlight ride to the city being one of the most charming of the affair.

The following persons enjoyed the ride: Misses Grace Newcomb, Eva and Ruth Byram, May Brown, Meta Burns, Ada Coleman, Jones, Agnes Fiske, Clara Healy, Jessie Cottrell, May and Misses of St. Francis, C. Scott, Mrs. and Mrs. Woodburn, Weaver, Fiske, Gleason, Constantine, Frank Albright, Banker, S. and D. Fiske, Burch, Wardell, Charles Stansbury, R. Tryon and C. Stanford.

A very pleasant surprise party was given Monday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Dalton, East Washington street, for their son Fred, in honor of his sixteenth birthday.

The evening was pleasantly spent in games and music, the last in order being the dancing. Games, Miss Mabel Doan carrying away the first prize, and Evans Miller the booby. Refreshments were served, and at a late hour the guests departed for their homes, wishing them a very happy return.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Dalton, Misses Mabel Doan, George Cooper, Florence Moore, Maude Dalton, Ethel Brooks, Blanche Cooper, Mamie Dalton, Kettle McQuilkin, Cora Boquest, Robert, Robert, Mary Gordon, Messrs. Ben Smith, Archie Dalton, Charlie Miller, Frank Morton, James McDonald, Ed Young, Perry Parker, Charlie MacDalton, Will Parker, Evans Miller and Fred Dalton.

CRIPPLED WORK.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Ella S. Goodwin, the well-known artist, to Howard L. Lunt, the ceremony to occur at high noon on Wednesday next.

The engagement of Miss Grace Stewart, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stewart, to Clarence H. Hall, a nephew of Mrs. J. J. Ayers, is announced.

The engagement of Miss Mollie Goodhue and Harry Wyatt is made public.

MOONLIGHT DRIVES.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Healy, Mr. and Mrs. Penning, Dr. and Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Field, Miss Horton, Dr. Manning, Frank Hartzell, Miss Ermine Prouty, Cal. F. Hunter and Horace Pugh enjoyed a delightful moonlight drive to the Campbell Johnson ranch last Wednesday night in a four-in-hand.

Another jolly party enjoyed a hay ride last Monday evening, leaving town at 8 p.m. and driving to Santa Monica, where supper was served. The revelers, who included the following: Mr. and Mrs. Boquist, Misses Annie Prince, Lizzie Tabb, Hettie Riggs, May Thompson, Libbie Smith, Jessie Hill and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Thompson, W. Kennedy, Will Rich, Frank Whitaker, W. Baker, Bohannon, T. Henderson, L. Reusler.

RETURNED TRAVELERS.

Mrs. O. A. Stevens returned yesterday from Coronado.

J. Koster and family have been enjoying the hospitality of the Seaside Inn at Long Beach during the past week.

Dr. Knepper and family have returned from their trip to Bear Valley. Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Belle Cross and Miss Mae have returned from a delightful five week sojourn at the Temescal Springs and Camp Valley View.

Mr. and Mrs. Tibbitts, corner of Tenth and Georgia Belle streets, have returned to the city from Bear Valley, where they have been spending the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morrison, Mrs. G. Y. Salmon and her charming daughter Annie, and F. E. Scott returned Friday noon from Catalina Island, where they have been enjoying camp life for the past two weeks.

Charles M. Williams and Miss Joe Fargo left Saturday morning to spend a week with friends at Catalina Island. C. K. Greenwood today for a short vacation at Catalina.

ON THE WING.

W. P. McIntosh, wife, son Willie and daughter Kittie, left yesterday for San Francisco to be absent two weeks.

F. W. Blanchard and family left yesterday for an outing at Catalina.

C. G. Jones, mother and sister Mattie, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bonnell and Dan Bertha leave on Sunday for Catalina on a short outing.

E. Dunn of No. 803 South Grand avenue left last Tuesday evening for St. Paul, Minn.

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The picturesque play with clanking machinery, muttering strikers and the spirit of anarchy, which graced the stage of the Grand last week, makes way for the delights of music, the Grand Spanish Opera Company beginning an engagement tomorrow night to continue during the entire week. Although the operas are rendered in the Spanish language, music has a universal language and whether sung in a foreign tongue or not the witchery of melody is ever the same.

Tomorrow night the opera La Tempestad will be produced with Cecilia Delgado as prima donna, soprano, Felicidad Pastor contralto, Ignacio Montane tenor, Enrique Gajada baritone, Julio Pardo bass, and an ensemble that is said to be thoroughly effective.

The scene of the opera is laid in Spain. Simon, guardian of Angela, has, during a tempest, murdered his wife's father to obtain control of her inheritance. When grown to woman's estate, Angela is sought in marriage by Roberto, but the latter's suit is denied by Simon, on the ground that Roberto is a parricide. Mateo, the left son on the day of the murder, returns from Brazil, where he had accumulated great wealth, and in return for a former kindness supplies Roberto with the means of wedding Angela. Simon, fearful of losing control of his wealth, inherits, accuses Mateo of the murder of Angela's father, Mateo is imprisoned. A tempest soon after arises, and Simon, exhausted by his terror, falls asleep on his bed and in a dream recounts to his servant, Beltramo, the story of his crime and the fact that he has on his person certain papers that would prove his guilt. Beltramo immediately secures them while the storm is raging, and hastens with the evidence to the procurator. Simon is denounced, and the opera closes with the restoration to freedom of Mateo and the marriage of Angela and Roberto.

BURCH LIGHTS.

Mrs. Potter and Kyrie Belle have resumed their partnership.

Ben Wolf of Boston has written a play for Harry Dixey called Prince Proteus.

And now it is said that Nat Goodwin may appear in a new musical comic opera.

May Magin's new play On Change was produced in Chicago on Sunday and was well received.

Archibald Claverling, Genter is almost a recluse at Indian Harbor, where he is making some important alterations in the plan of his office.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Dromgold took passage on the Hermosa yesterday for Catalina, where they will take an outing of two weeks.

B. Reicher, late of Belleville, Ill., will return to that place and bring his family here to reside permanently.

Troulis H. Tyndale, late secretary of Railroad Warehouse Commission of Illinois, is in the city, and is waiting for the Bellevue Terrace, and will make Los Angeles his home.

Mrs. Judge Kraft of San Jose is visiting her brother, C. H. Harrison, and her sister, Mrs. F. H. Pieper, on Pico street.

Hon. Ed. Rutz, ex-treasurer of Illinois, and family, will permanently reside at their home, No. 628 West Twenty-first street.

Miss Ellen Louise Gann of Kansas City is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. C. Whitehead, of West Ninth street, indefinitely. Miss Gann is known to a wide circle of friends as a charming and accomplished young lady; she has recently returned from a tour of the world, and is to be gone two weeks or more.

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is devoted to things Egyptian, and his study is based on old Egyptian hieroglyphs. He does nearly all his literary work between 9 and 1, and writes and rewrites his work again and again.

On the 18th the Orchestral Society "Lute" will give a concert at the Los Angeles Theater, and among the attractions to be presented on that occasion will be the last act of Adrienne Lecouvreur, with Mme. Modjeska, the peerless artist, in the title role, aided by competent support. This concert is the first of a series, and its simple mention to the amusement lovers of Los Angeles, will doubtless be sufficient to pack the house. In addition to being one of the world's greatest actresses, Modjeska has her home among us as a legion of warm friends will be delighted to see her, if only for a fleeting moment, in one act of one of her greatest impersonations.

The critic rises early, and he rises for a long time. He takes his breakfast leisurely. Then rambles through his park. Out fishing in the lakelet. Or he will go to the beach. For how to spend Wetsumner the Poor critic doesn't know.

He sighs for some new drama. Or even a burlesque. To find excuse his brain to use. And chain him to his desk. But, ah! his sighs are needless. Regrets are merely vain; For the critic doesn't care. One tinker's mill race if he never sees a play or a theater again.

—[Dunlop's Stage News.]

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

A CHORAL SENEADE.

The members of Messrs. Taylor & Kyle's operatic school gave these gentlemen a delightful surprise in the shape of a grand choral serenade last Tuesday evening. The party drove out to Mr. Taylor's elegant residence in Pasadena in a trolley car, alighted on the lawn and silently approached the dwelling, when they struck up the famous choros, "Silent Heroes," from the Chimes of Normandy, which the opera company is now studying. The hospitable mansion of Mr. Taylor, so charmingly arranged for entertaining, was thrown wide open for the pleasure of the guests. Dancing, music, instrumental and vocal, refreshments and everything that goes to make an evening pleasant, were enjoyed by the happy singers. The coach was called at 11 o'clock and all returned to Los Angeles, voting Mr. and Mrs. Taylor delightful hosts.

The Los Angeles party consisted of the Messrs. O'Melveny, Hessmore, Oulien, Hawley, Lovell, Pinkham, Donnell, Seman, Chicklett, Mrs. Carlisle, Messrs. Logie, Doe, Barr, Averill, Aiken, Le Sage, Dwyer, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Cullen, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Kyle, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gardner, Clapp and several other Pasadena friends were also of the party.

CHURCH MUSIC.

There will be special music at Simpson Tabernacle this morning. Miss Lizzie Kimball, soprano; Joseph Dwyer, tenor, and F. W. Wallace, basso, will sing, assisted by a strong chorus.

Next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock the choir will give a grand sacred concert, consisting of vocal and instrumental selections by some of the best talent in the city. There will be no charge for admission to the concert.

MUSICAL MENAGE.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hooker, Mrs. R. W. Poindexter and children, and Dr. Dorothea Lummis leave tomorrow morning for the Montecito, where they will spend some time at Douton.

Mrs. J. D. Cole has been visiting friends in Santa Barbara and goes this week to Douton Villa to remain till she returns home in September, when the Treble Clef Club will resume work under her leadership.

Prof. Chambers, Mrs. J. D. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee have been visiting Catalina Island. The Larrabees are located there for some time in a cozy, tent-like structure.

Another young singer has arrived at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Modini-Wood, who are summering at Santa Monica.

The choir of St. Vibiana Cathedral enjoyed a delightful outing at Terminal Island last Sunday afternoon, under the guidance of Mr. B. Gardner, who took this method of expressing his appreciation of their good work. Boating, bathing and a fish dinner were among the pleasant incidents.

The entertainment for the benefit of the Cathedral choir fund under the direction of Prof. Gardner at Turner Hall on Wednesday evening was well attended.

This week the musical attraction will be the concert by the Lute Orchestral Society, when Mme. Modjeska will appear.

It is rumored that an orchestral society is about to be organized among the amateurs of the city. No amateur need apply. It will be on the same plan as the Ellis and Treble Clef clubs—associate members.

Mrs. J. T. Richardson, whose death was announced in Saturday's News, will be long remembered by many, especially those in musical circles of a few years since, as Miss Mollie Hobbs, daughter of the late Dr. Hobbs, for many years a resident of Los Angeles